

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## POETRY.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 12 cents.

## SUNSET WITH CLOUDS.

THE earth grows dark about me,  
But heaven shines clear above,  
As daylight slowly melts away  
With crimson light I love;  
And clouds, like floating shadows,  
Of every form and hue,  
Hover around its dying couch,  
And blush a bright adieu.

Like fiery forms of angels,  
They throng around the sun—  
Courtiers that on their monarch wait,  
Until his course is run;  
From him they take their glory;  
His honor they uphold;  
And trail their flowing garments forth,  
Of purple, green, and gold.

Oh bliss to gaze upon them,  
From this commanding hill,  
And drink the spirit of the hour,  
While all around is still;  
While distant skies are opening,  
And stretching far away,  
A shadowy landscape dip'd in gold,  
Where happier spirits stray.

I feel myself immortal,  
As in yon robe of light  
The glorious hills and vales of Heaven  
Are dawning on the sight;  
I seem to hear the murmur  
Of some celestial stream;  
And catch the glimmer of its course  
Beneath the sacred beam.

And such, methinks with rapture,  
Is my eternal home—  
More lovely than this passing glimpse—  
To which my footsteps roam:  
There's something yet more glorious  
Succeeds this life of pain;  
And, strengthened with a mightier hope,  
I face the world again.

Temple Bar.

GERRARD LEWIS.

## LINES

SUGGESTED BY A BIRD SINGING, A WOOD-  
PRIMROSE IN FLOWER, A CHILD PLAYING,  
AND AN EARLY BUTTERFLY,

January 18, 1882.

SWEET bird, whose carol on the winter thorn  
Tells of glad hope within thy pretty breast,  
Wait ere thou singest! Winter may be born,  
And all these sunny fields with snow be drest.  
Yet who can blame thy song? Would I might  
know

The faith and hope that in thy joy-notes flow!

Dear flow'ret! To thy thinking, spring has  
come;

Thou hastenest all thy beauties to unfold,  
And in a nook of thy soft woodland home,  
Dost shine amid the moss like star of gold.

How can we chide thee? Oh, for strength to  
meet  
The coming storm—so bloom in fragrance  
sweet!

Fair child, who sees no future, knows no past,  
Sing on, and fear not! But the storm will  
come:

Thy thoughtless joyance may not always last.  
Yet smile within the shelter of thy home!  
Care comes with years—but thine the glad  
to-day.

Strength will be given, and patience for the  
way!

Poor butterfly, which flutterest in the sun,  
With white wings spread, to catch its transient  
heat,

Thy little life, perchance ere day is done,  
Will pass away. A thing so frail and fleet  
Is scarce worth being born—yet flutter free:  
An emblem of our day is seen in thee.

Chambers' Journal.

THEY do but grope in learning's pedant round  
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow  
An idol substance, bidding us bow low  
Before those shades of being which are found,  
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground;  
As if such shapes and modes, which come  
and go,

Had aught of truth or life in their poor  
show,

To sway or judge, and skill to sain or wound.

Son of immortal seed, high-destined man!  
Know thy dread gift,—a creature, yet a  
cause:

Each mind is its own centre, and it draws  
Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's  
span,

All outward things, the vassals of its will,  
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthawed still.

NEWMAN.

FOR we the mighty mountain plains have trod,  
Both in the glow of sunset and sunrise;  
And lighted by the moon of southern skies!  
The snow-white torrent of the thundering flood  
We two have watched together. In the wood  
We two have felt the warm tears dim our  
eyes

While zephyrs softer than an infant's sighs  
Ruffled the light air of our solitude!

O Earth, maternal Earth, and thou, O Heaven,  
And Night first-born, who now, e'en now,  
dost waken

The host of stars, thy constellated train!  
Tell me if those can ever be forgiven,  
Those abject, who together have partaken  
Those sacraments of nature—and in vain?

AUBREY DE VERE.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
AMYE ROBSART.

No story has ever taken a stronger hold of the public mind than that of Amye Robsart, and the interest felt in it continues from time to time to be refreshed by new pictures and popular dramatic representations. With the ladies particularly it is so great a favorite that they think it almost cruel to bring out any discovery that may help to produce a disillusion. This perhaps is not to be wondered at, if what has been said by one of themselves is quite correct, as we hope it may not be, that "fiction is the chief mental sustenance of the greater part of the female sex in this country at the present day."

The reason why this tragical story has survived so many others of similar kind which have been, comparatively speaking, forgotten, of course is — "*carebant vate sacro*" — they lacked what it obtained, viz., the powerful aid of the "Author of Waverley" to give it a world-wide and lasting celebrity in his novel of "Kenilworth."

His object (as stated in the introduction to that novel) was

to delineate the character of Queen Elizabeth; to describe her as at once a high-minded sovereign, and a female of passionate feelings, hesitating betwixt the sense of her rank and the duty she owed to her subjects on the one hand, and on the other, her attachment to a nobleman, who, in external qualifications at least, amply merited her favor. The interest of the story is thrown upon that period when the sudden death of the first Countess of Leicester [a title which Amye never had] seemed to open to the ambition of her husband the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign.

Sir Walter Scott is generally truthful and accurate, as indeed writers of every sort who deal with historical matters ought to be; but in working out his object in this instance he was, as is well known, not so attentive as usual to the real order of events. This misplacing of scenes and substitution of one person for another rather interferes with the pleasure of the reader. A graver objection is that the novel has had the effect of stamping some

of the characters introduced with infamy hardly ever to be effaced, but which later researches have shown to be undeserved. This has been done chiefly by the late Mr. Pettigrew, a well-known archæologist, by Mr. Bartlett of Abingdon, and Mr. Adler of New York.

With respect to Lord Robert Dudley himself, to whose direct instigation common rumor attributed the violent death of Amye, Sir Walter Scott, in one of the notes to the novel, is careful to explain that he has represented him rather as the dupe of villains than the unprincipled author of their atrocities: his reason being that "in the latter capacity, which a part at least of his contemporaries attributed to him, he would have made a character too disgustingly wicked to be useful for the purpose of fiction." But in dealing with some of the other personages he has forgotten this propriety, and consequently has produced in Varney (as one of his earliest critics observed) "a character of such pure and unrelieved villany as never existed; and, had such a moral monster ever appeared on the surface of society, he would not have been a proper subject for representation." The truth simply is that the basis of the novel was the venomous book called "Leicester's Commonwealth," concocted against Dudley by his enemies the Jesuits; and from this Scott took the names of Anthony Foster and Richard Varney, discarding what information he had elsewhere about the one, and apparently knowing nothing at all about the other.

Many persons think, and some have been bold enough to say, that either from total want or imperfect supply of materials, or from spite and political prejudice, there is, in the histories put into our hands, fiction enough already without making matters worse by the help of historical novels. The student of history, it is true, does not go to such sources for his history. On the other hand, the generality of readers of historical novels, though they may be readers, are not often students, of history; and perhaps it is not going much too far to say that, of the young and impressible who devour the novel and have the scenes there described still further

fastened on their memory by some masterpiece of painting or acting at a theatre, there is not one in a thousand but to the end of his days will be quite satisfied that the story is true as he has there read or seen it.

The effect of this novel of "Kenilworth" certainly has been to create a strong bias against Dudley; and that effect would now perhaps hardly be destroyed, even if all the real facts should happen to be discovered. This indeed has not yet come to pass; but some things have been brought to light which give a different complexion to the story, and it is by no means impossible that more may eventually be forthcoming from those stores of secret history which, under the direction of the Historical Commission and by the wise permission of the different owners, are now undergoing investigation.

If (as remarked by Disraeli the elder) to contribute something not before known is a more important service to the general fund of history than to give new form and color to what we are already possessed of, an opportunity has lately been presented of rendering some slight service in that way in the case of Amye Robsart.

In a private examination of the large and curious collection of documents at Longleat belonging to the Marquis of Bath, an original letter from Amye was recovered, being the second now known to exist, a former one having already been preserved in the British Museum. The letter at Longleat was found pinned inside a dressmaker's bill, among a number of private papers and accounts of Lord Robert Dudley. The discovery naturally led to a stringent scrutiny of every scrap of paper relating to him and to his period. The result was the finding not only of some valuable original deeds and documents relating generally to R. Dudley and his affairs, but also a few incidental allusions to, and notices of, Amye Robsart as his wife. These will be found to throw, it may be only a little, but still, so far as they go, quite a new light, not indeed upon the actual manner of her death, but upon the previous circumstances of her married life.

Two or three points of difference be-

tween the current belief and the real facts must first be mentioned.

## I.

## THE MARRIAGE.

SHE was the only daughter and heir (a brother Arthur being illegitimate) of Sir John Robsart, a knight of Norfolk, of lineage older than that of the Dudley family.\* Her mother, Lady Robsart, had been married before to a Mr. Appleyard, of a very old Norwich family; and by him she had a son John Appleyard, Amye's half-brother. Robert Dudley, "Esquyer," and Amye were married when quite young (she about eighteen, and he about nineteen years of age), in A.D. 1550, fourth year of King Edward the Sixth. The proofs of their marriage are these. There is among the records in London a settlement on the *lady's* side by Sir John Robsart, the father, dated the 15th of May, 1550. There is at Longleat a deed of settlement on the *husband's* side, dated the 24th of May, 1550: and it runs thus, "Between John, Earl of Warwick, K.G., of the one part, and Sir John Robsart, Kt., on the other part: witnesseth that they are fully agreed that a marriage shortly after the ensealing hereof, shall be had and solemnized between Robert Duddleley, Esq., one of the younger sons of the said Erle, and Amye Robsart, daughter and heir appaunte to the said Sir John Robsart, if the said Robarte and Amye will thereunto condescend and agree;" and then continues about lands, etc. These two documents were settlements in May, 1550, on the *intended* marriage. The marriage itself took place on the 4th of June, 1550, at Sheen, in Surrey, in the presence of the court, and is particularly mentioned by King Edward the Sixth, then only eleven years old, in his diary (now preserved in the British Museum). It was therefore not in any way clandestine, but public and notorious as possible.

There are also at Longleat several doc-

\* She is believed to have been born at Stansfield Hall, Norfolk, a house which belonged to her father, and which some years ago obtained a horrible notoriety from being the scene of the murder of the Jermy family by Rush.

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uments dated *after* the marriage in which they are both mentioned: one being a grant of the manor of Hemsby, near Yarmouth, in Norfolk, by his father, John, then Duke of Northumberland, to his son, Lord Robert Dudley, and "the Lady Amie *his wife*."

Their married life lasted rather more than ten years, from the 4th of June, 1550, to the 8th of September, 1560.

## II.

### AMYE NEVER AT KENILWORTH.

It may be mortifying to any who, at Drury Lane Theatre, have wept at the touching interview between "the Countess of Leicester" and Queen Elizabeth, to be told that no such interview ever took place, except upon that stage. The reason is, that *Kenilworth Castle*, where the *earl* received the queen, *did not belong to him at all during Amye's life*. She died 1560. The queen gave Kenilworth to "Lord Robert" in June, 1563. The original letters patent granting it, dated the 20th of June, 1563, are at Longleat; and there is also the original warrant from the queen to deliver to Dudley possession of the castle.

This is an interesting document, being Queen Elizabeth's authority to six gentlemen, named, to go to Kenilworth, and take possession on behalf of Lord Robert. The formal delivery is endorsed, dated the 29th of June, and it is attested by the signatures of no less than sixty-four witnesses. But the wife Amye was not present, for she had been in her grave nearly three years, since September, 1560.

## III.

### AMYE NEVER "COUNTESS OF LEICESTER."

FOR the same reason she never was "Countess of Leicester," Dudley not having been created Earl of Leicester until *after* the grant of Kenilworth Castle. The patent of creation is dated the 29th of September, 1563, rather more than three years after her death. During her life he was "Sir R. Dudley, Kt.," commonly called "Lord Robert;" and she "Amye, Dame or Lady, Dudley."

## IV.

### SIR RICHARD VARNEY.

THE late Mr. Pettigrew says:—

Of Sir Richard Varney I can ascertain no particulars. He is mentioned, in no measured terms, as an instigator to baseness, as the chief prompter to the murderous design, and as having been left with a manservant, an underling, and Anthony Foster, to effect the diabolical business. We know nothing of Varney, save the mention of him in Ashmole's narrative, drawn by the Jesuit in "Leicester's Commonwealth," and by the very important part he is made to play in the novel of "Kenilworth." His name does not occur in any authentic documents connected with Sir Robert Dudley or Amye Robsart, *nor, indeed, does he appear to have had any real existence.*

A letter was found at Longleat, dated the 20th of April, 1560 (six months before Amye's death), addressed "To the Rt. honorable and my very good lorde, the lorde Robert Dudley, Mr. of th' horses to the Quene's Majestie at Court," signed "RICHARD VERNEY."

The name, of course, caught attention; and the next thing was to find out, if possible, something about the writer. The letter itself was of the common kind, from one friend and gentleman to another; referring to the loss of some favorite hawks of Dudley's, which had been entrusted to the care of one of the writer's servants, and which had been mismanaged. But the *seal*, not in wax, but on wafer, was fortunately preserved, the device being an antelope with long horns. On examining it closely with a glass it appeared that the animal's *tail* ended not with the usual single tuft of hair, but in a *tripartite finish*, something like a fleur-de-lis. The letter was written from Warwick, and in Dugdale's history of that county, under the name of Verney, will be found an engraved plate of a monumental coat of arms, supported by two antelopes, with the peculiar tripartite caudal finish. At Longleat there is also a parchment deed signed by the same Richard Verney, where the seal is preserved in wax, and presents the same peculiarity. This identified the writer of the letter as Sir Richard Verney, of Compton Verney, in Warwickshire, whose family is now rep-

resented, and place occupied, by their descendant, Lord Willoughby de Broke. Lord Robert Dudley himself was a Warwickshire man. He had already property in that county (before Kenilworth was given to him) from his father; and Sir Richard Verney was a neighbor and friend, of whom nothing has been discovered but what is perfectly respectable. There is a letter to Lord Robert Dudley, master of the queen's horse, from Sir Ambrose Cave, one of the queen's ministers, and M.P. for Co. Warwick, written on the 16th of July, 1559, a year before Amye's death. Certain commissioners were wanted for the county; and Sir Ambrose, writing in the name of the Council, says:—

And whereas for the execution of the charge committed unto us we resolved of certain gentlemen to be officers unto us, as Mr. Fisher for one, who cannot well take it upon him, in whose stead Sir Richard Verney, a gentleman meet to serve in that behalf, wold willingly endeavour himself\* for Warwickshire, if it plesse you to appoint or require him by your letters to take the charge upon him. Thus leaving to trouble your Ldship any further at this time I commit you to God who send you increase of honour. Your good Lordships to command, Ambrose Cave.

This is scarcely the tone in which a minister of State would write about a man who was capable of staining his hands in a miserable murder.

In the novel Verney is disposed of in a manner that is no doubt highly satisfactory to the reader. He is found next morning dead in his cell, having swallowed a dose of poison. This does very well for the story, but the real Sir Richard Verney, in 1561—the very next year after Amye's death—filled the office of her Majesty's high sheriff for the county of Warwick, and, in fact, did not die till the 26th of July, 1567.

## V.

## TONY FOSTER.

ANTHONY Forster, or Forrester, Esq., was of an old Shropshire family, settled

\* "To endeavour himself for"—i.e. to consider himself bound to undertake for. So in the Prayer-Book collect for second Sunday after Easter, "also daily *endeavour ourselves*:" in the preface to the Confirmation Service, "They will evermore *endeavour themselves*," and in the Ordination Service, "I will *endeavour myself* so to do." In all these instances in the Prayer-Book the words are often read with a pause between "endeavour" and "themselves," as if the meaning were that they would—"themselves, do their best," etc. The mistake is a very pardonable one, the modern use of the word endeavor being simply "to try." Nor is there in the English translation of the

in Berkshire. His wife was Ann, niece of Lord Williams of Thame, lord high chamberlain in the reign of Philip and Mary. Cumnor Hall, or Place, belonged to Dr. Owen, the queen's physician. Mr. Forster rented it of him at the time of Amye Robsart's death, but purchased it soon after. His children all died. He was highly esteemed as a most honest gentleman by his neighbors at Abingdon, and was sometimes consulted by the University of Oxford to assist in settling matters of controversy. He was a cultivator of the fine arts, a musician, a builder, a planter, and towards the close of his life (1572) was returned to Parliament for the borough of Abingdon. In Cumnor Church there is a large brass plate to his memory, embellished with certain coats of arms, the usual marks of gentility. He had always been a personal friend of Lord Robert Dudley's, and when Dudley was promoted to honor, Mr. Forster became not only the principal receiver of his income, but one of the chief controllers of the expense of a very stately establishment. For, with all his magnificence, the Earl of Leicester's household expenses were kept in the most precise manner. At Longleat there are some of the inventories of his furniture, dresses, etc., in large folio volumes, beautifully written. All bills were duly examined and payments registered and signed by five of the household officers.

The earl was remarkable for his costly wardrobe. The practice was for the materials to be supplied to the tailor, or embroiderer, by the mercer or other tradesman. The orders to the tradesmen were all issued by the chief officer of the wardrobe; and there is a bundle of such orders, filed exactly as they were left by Mr. Forster. Every one of these is signed by him in the year 1566, six years after Amye's death; and he died in 1569.

There is also an original letter from the Earl of Leicester to A. Forster, relating to furniture at Kenilworth Castle, containing special orders about costly hangings for the dining-chamber, specifying the very width and height; with directions for sufficient store of spicery and fireworks against "my chieftest day;" also instructions for a banquetting-room to be got up quickly, with peremptory orders for all to be on the alert. It ends: "So fare you well, Antony; in much haste,

Bible any other sense of the word. It is in the Prayer-Book only that the obsolete use is retained.

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your loving master, R. Leicester." This letter does not refer to the preparations for the great reception of Queen Elizabeth, which was in 1575, but to a visit of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the lord keeper of the great seal.

Having seen in these few instances how widely the current belief differs from the real facts, we come to the main part of the story, bearing in mind that the title of Countess of Leicester, and the name of Kenilworth Castle, are to be absolutely dissociated from the true history of Amye Robsart.

To go back to the beginning of her married life, A.D. 1550. The older narratives have begun with telling us that their married life was an unhappy one: that they lived apart, and she in a lonely house. That is certainly the way to prepare the reader's mind for a violent conclusion; but there is no evidence that their married life was from the first, or indeed ever, an unhappy one: for until a very little while ago, *nothing whatever was known about their married life*. The little we do now know from the Longleat papers exhibits them as living on the best footing. And as to their living apart, that only applies to the last year or two, and the house in which she lived was anything but lonely. Where their first home was is not known. Perhaps in Norfolk, where their property lay; possibly in London, because this was in Edward the Sixth's time, and Lord Robert was one of the gentlemen in ordinary in the household. After Edward the Sixth's death, July, 1553, Dudley certainly was in London, but against his will and under unpleasant circumstances; for he had joined with his father in the attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, for which Queen Mary sent him to the Tower. He was convicted of high treason; all his estates, as well as his wife's, were forfeited; and he had a very narrow escape from sharing his father's fate on Tower Hill. The princess Elizabeth (afterwards queen) was at the same time lodged in the Tower by her sister, Queen Mary, for State reasons. Dudley remained in custody half a year, till January, 1554. Several other noblemen of his party were also prisoners; but their wives were allowed to visit them from time to time. Among the ladies whose names are mentioned as so doing, is that of Amye, Lady Dudley; so that so far, in the fourth year of marriage, there is no sign of estrangement. On receiving his pardon he was released, and his estates, including his wife's, were restored

to him. This was through the influence of Philip of Spain, the husband of Queen Mary; in return for which Robert Dudley offered his services to Philip, who sent him off to the Continent to fight against the French. How long he was abroad does not appear; but his wife would of necessity be left at home. We lose sight of them entirely for three years, if not more, but at the end of that time she reappears, in the first letter above mentioned as in the British Museum (Harl. MS. 4712). It refers only to a comparatively trifling matter, but it is really very useful in revealing to us, most *inartificially*, what her domestic position was in the seventh or eighth year of marriage. It is dated the 7th of August, no year being named; but as it refers to their farm at Sydis-terne, in Norfolk, it could not have been written before 1557, because that property did not come into their hands (as is known from deeds) before that year. It was probably written still later, and in the first or second year of Queen Elizabeth, 1558 and 1559, because it speaks of Dudley's being called away on weighty business. The substance of it is this: Sydis-terne was a large sheep-farm with three thousand sheep upon it, and their agent or steward was a Mr. Flowerdew. He had written to Dudley about some of the farm affairs, and particularly about some poor people who were waiting for some money. Lord Robert had been called off in a hurry, without answering that letter; so the steward writes a second time, and the second letter comes into Amye's hands. She sends a courteous apology to the agent for his first not having been answered, explains the reason, and *having full authority* to settle all matters, she orders him to sell some wool, even at a loss, so as not to keep the poor people waiting any longer for their money. In this there is no sign of estrangement. She appears simply as a trustworthy wife left with full direction to settle domestic matters in her husband's absence, in the seventh or eighth year of their short married life of ten years. But there is something more in this letter. It is dated from "Mr. Hyde's," which was at Denchworth, a few miles from Abingdon, and not many from Cumnor. The wife of Mr. Hyde was Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Essex, of Lambourne in Berks, and they had a very large family of children; a state of society not quite consistent with the solitary and lonely residence to which Amye is commonly supposed to have been consigned. The

Hydes and Dudleys were old friends, Mr. Hyde having bought some years before from Robert Dudley's father the manor of Kingston Lisle, near Denchworth. Mr. Hyde's brother, William, was at this time M.P. for the Co. Berks; so that there is no doubt of the respectability of this family. Amye, as Lady Dudley, resided a great deal at this Mr. Hyde's, and was constantly visited there by her husband. How she came to be living there so much admits of explanation.

Queen Elizabeth had come to the throne on the 17th of November, 1558, when Robert Dudley's star was in the ascendant. He had been of no particular importance in Queen Mary's reign, but he was of the same side as Elizabeth in matters of religion; he had been her playfellow in childhood and her fellow-prisoner in the Tower. She immediately appointed him master of the horse and K.G. This in the first year of her reign. The office of master of the horse was one which demanded his continual attendance in London. No one journeyed about more than Queen Elizabeth, and, go where she would, the master of the horse was obliged to go with her. In the published accounts of the queen's progresses, there is always a great horseback cavalcade, and the master of the horse, in close attendance, riding a little in rear of her Majesty. Now, as Amye had no children, it is not unlikely that, instead of living alone in apartments in London, she preferred living with friends in the country, and for that reason stayed at Mr. Hyde's. She might have disliked, as many ladies did, the life of the court. In some letters of that period at Longleat, written by ladies of the highest rank, they express their great weariness with its state and formalities, begging their husbands to come back for economy's sake as soon as they could: at any rate not to compel them to go up to London. But whilst Amye was so staying at Mr. Hyde's, she was only under his roof as a visitor and friend, and she was perfectly at liberty to go wherever she liked. There is evidence that she used that liberty, and had suitable means for doing so provided by her husband.

Among the documents are two folio account-books: one kept by Mr. William Chaucy, Lord Robert's secretary or steward, beginning the 20th of December, 1558, the first year of Elizabeth's reign, and a year and a half only before Amye's death; the other by Mr. Richard Ellys, of about the same time. Mr. Chaucy be-

gins by a statement of moneys received into his hands, the first item of which is 300*l.* from Mr. Anthony Forster, Lord Robert's treasurer. Then follow, *per contra*, the payments made.

The following extract exhibits all the items that occur in this volume relating to Amye. If the figures are multiplied by, say, six or seven to express present value, they will be found to convey no indication of parsimonious allowance or inattention to her comfort.

*Items relating to Amye (Robsart) Lady Dudley, extracted from the account-books of Lord Robert Dudley. (Original at Longleat.)*

Gyven to Gowre for hys charge riding into Lincolnshire to my ladye . . . . .	xxs.
Paid his hyer of certen haknes [hackneys] for my ladye . . . . .	lxis.
Item to John Forest for his charge Ryding to Mr. Hide's to my ladye . . . . .	iiis. iiijd.
For Gowre for my Lady, coming out of Lincoln . . . . .	xxvis. viiij.
To Johans for riding to Mr. Hide's to my ladye . . . . .	iiis. iiijd.
To Mr. Blunt's horsehier when he rode to my lady in the Christmas	6s. 8d.
To Johnes for my lady . . . . .	66s. 8d.
To hier of xii horses when my lady came from Mr. Hide's to London . . . . .	60s.
Item to Langham for 2 days bordwages attending upon my lady at Christchurch, yr Lordship being at Windsor . . . . .	3s. 4d.
To Thomas Johnes and his fellows for the dynners, weyting uppon my lady from Christchurch to Camerwell . . . . .	3s. 8d.
Item; for my bote-hier to London about the despatch of my lady . . . . .	8d.
Item; for a trunke saddell with ye appurtenances for carrying of my lady's apparel . . . . .	20s.
To Thos. Johnes to buy a hoode for my lady . . . . .	xxxvs.
To Gilbert ye gouldsmith for 6 doz. gould buttons of ye Spanish pattern, and for a littell cheyne delivered to Mr. Forrest for my lady's use . . . . .	£xxx.
To Mr. Virloe for linnen cloath for my lady . . . . .	51s.
— Two ell of fine Holland for to make my lady ruffes . . . . .	12s.
— 2 1-2 ells of Russet taffata to make my lady a gowne at 13s. 4d. an ell . . . . .	35s.
Item, paid to Eglamby for my lady's charge from Mr. Hide's to Camberwell . . . . .	£10
Item, delivered for my lady's charge riding into Suffolk: with xl pistoles [a Spanish coin] delivered	

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to Hogans to put into her *Ladyship's* purse . . . . . £26 13s. 4d.  
 1559. For sewing silk sent to my *lady* by Mr. Forster . . . . . 4s.  
 For apparel sent to my *lady* and for the charges of Higgenes, her man, lying in London . . . . . 60s.  
 For bringing venison to Mr. Hide's Item: ii pair of hose sent to my *lady* by Sir Richard Verney's servant . . . . . 5s.  
 Item. for spices bought by the cook when your Lordship rode to my *lady's* . . . . . 8s.  
 1559. For a looking glass sent to my *lady* by Mr. Forster . . . . . 22s.  
 To Smyth the mercer for 6 yards of velvet at 43s. a yard: and 4 yards to the Spanish taylor for your Lordship's doublet: and 2 yards for garding my *lady's* cloak . . . . . 4s.  
 112s. 6d.

The following items, under the head of "Play money," show that Lord Robert was frequently visiting at Mr. Hyde's:—

To Mr. Hide which he lent your Lordship at play at his own house . . . . . 40s.  
 Delivered to your Lordship at Mr. Hide's at *sundry times*; by my hands 20s.: by Hugans 11s. and by Mr. Aldersey 28s., &c. Total . . . . . 67s.

The other account-book (Richard Ellys's) refers to 1560, the last year of her life, but there are in it only one or two items, and these refer to the expense of her funeral. There is, however, a mercer's bill (six months before her death):—

1560. March. Delyvered a velvet hatt imbroidered for my *Ladye* . . . . . 3 6 8  
 Pair of velvet shoes for my *Ladye* . . . . . 3 0 0

In the account-books the dates of month and day are not always given, so that it is not easy to distinguish exactly which of them refer to her whilst she was lodging with the Hyde family at Denchworth, and which to her later residence at Cumnor. But it is evident that she was *under no restraint*, for we find her journeying about, to Lincolnshire, London, Suffolk, Christchurch in Hampshire, and Camberwell, *twelve horses being at her command*.

CUMNOR.

It cannot have been much before the very last year of her life that she removed from Mr. Hyde's, at Denchworth, to Cumnor Place, about eleven miles off. It is quite intelligible that she might have found it more convenient to have a house in which she would be more of the mistress than would be the case whilst staying at a friend's; and it seems unreasonable to suppose that if her husband had any evil

design upon her life he would have placed her in a house only a few miles from the Hydes, her most intimate friends. Cumnor was a large building, quadrangular, and of ecclesiastical style, having formerly belonged to the dissolved monastery of Abingdon. It was not lonely, for it was close to a large village, within an easy walk of Oxford, and there were several persons staying in it; Mrs. Owen (wife of William Owen, the owner), Mr. Forster and his wife (tenants), Mrs. Odingsell, a widow, sister of Mr. Hyde, living with the Forsters. It is not unlikely, from two sets of servants being spoken of, one under Amye's control, that the house was divided, one part being appropriated to her. Mr. Forster purchased the house from Owen after Amye's death, and curiously enough, by his will in 1572, he bequeathed it to Dudley on condition of his paying 1,200*l.* to the widow Forster. Dudley (then Earl of Leicester) did so; and it is entered as his property in a schedule of his estates. One would have thought that if he had ever been a party to the murder of his wife there, he would have been content to have nothing to do with it, and rather never hear of it again.

One of the very few documents at Longleat, connected with her actual residence at Cumnor, is a dressmaker's, or, more correctly, a woman-tailor's bill, from one William Edney, of Tower Royal, in London, sent in by him to Lord Robert Dudley for articles supplied to his wife. Inside this bill was found (as before mentioned) a letter from Amye to the tailor, which he had preserved as a voucher for some particular gown ordered by her.

*Amye Lady Dudley's Letter to her Tailor.*

edney wt my harty comendations thesse shalbe to desier you to take ye paynes for me As to make this gowne of vellet\* whiche I sende you wt suche A collare as you made my rosset taffyta gowne you sente ~~my~~<sup>me</sup> last & I will se you dyscharged for all I pray you let it be done wt as muche speade as you can & sente by this beaer frewen the carryar of oxforde | & & thus I bed you most hartely fare well from comnare this xxiiij of avguste

Your assured frind  
 AMYE DUDDLEY.

To my very frinde will  
 yam | edney the taylor  
 ye  
 at tower rill geve this  
 in London.†

\* *Vellet*, in the letter, is used by Spenser, for *velvet*. Chaucer has *velloute*. Ben Jonson *veloute*, probably from the Latin *villosus*, hairy or woolly.

† *Tower Royal*, near Bucklersbury and the Mansion



Among other items in the bill of this poor lady's wardrobe were "a loose gown of satten byassed with lace over the garde," "a round kirtle of russet wrought-velvet with a fringe;" "a Spanish gown of damask, laced all thick athwart the guard;" "a Spanish gown of russet damask;" "a loose gown of *rosset taffata*" (the pattern alluded to in the letter); also lace, fringes of black silk and gold, ruffs, collars, and the like. These little matters are mentioned merely to show that, as to dress, she appears to have been liberally supplied. One of the last items was incurred after her death, viz., "a mantle of cloth for the chief mourner."

While she was living at Cumnor during the last year of her life, perfectly free from restraint, so far as appears from the documents before us, the court, and indeed the whole country, began to be filled with various rumors about Robert Dudley and the queen. All these arose from the queen being a young unmarried lady, and from the anxiety which her counsellors, the nation, and foreign nations, too, felt upon this question, viz.: who, in case of her death, was to be the successor to the throne. There were schemes and intrigues that were going on all around the queen. There were princes abroad, and noblemen at home, ready to be promoted. Dudley was known to be in high favor: the queen was believed to be really attached to him.

Rumors of the worst kind were "bruited about" in London. It was said that Amye was very ill, that she had a cancer, that she was to be divorced, that she was to be poisoned, that Dudley had actually given instructions for her quiet disappearance. The Spanish ambassador, De Cuadra, reported all these to his master, and that the affair was coming off immediately. Dudley himself knew of these evil reports. He also knew that for his wife to die just then in any way would be damaging to his character, and to any hopes that he might be entertaining they would only be most damaging, because, though the queen had declared rather pettishly to her ministers that "she was not going to marry a subject, or allow any one beneath her to be called My Lord's Grace," still, should she change her mind, public opinion would hardly allow a queen

of England to select for a husband a man who had caused his wife to be murdered. The last thing, therefore, that Dudley would wish to hear among all these untoward rumors, would be that his wife had met with a violent death. This appears from what took place when that news actually reached him as described in some letters preserved (in transcript) in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, and printed in Craik's "Romance of the Peerage," Lord Braybrooke's "Diary of Pepys," Mr. Pettigrew's pamphlet, and Adler's "Amye Robsart."

From these it appears that Amye's death took place on Sunday, the 8th of September, 1560. The news was carried by one Bowes, a Cumnor servant, to Lord Robert, then at Windsor, and reached him the next morning, Monday. A little while before this message reached Windsor Sir Thomas Blount, one of Dudley's household officers, had set off towards Oxfordshire.

It has been said that Dudley had previously heard something that alarmed him, which induced him to send Blount off. But no evidence of this has been produced. Blount had not gone very far on his road when he met Bowes coming, who told him all he knew, viz., that the day before, Sunday, being Abingdon Fair day, Lady Dudley had herself given the strange order for all belonging to her to go to the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home; that Mrs. Odingsell remonstrated with her, saying it was not a proper day for gentlewomen to go, but that she would go next day. Whereupon Lady Dudley grew very angry, and said Mrs. Odingsell might do as she pleased, but all hers should go, and that Mrs. Owen should dine with her. Her people, accordingly, all went to the fair, leaving in the house, so far as appears, three ladies, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Forster, and Mrs. Odingsell, besides the Forster servants. Of Forster himself or of Varney there is no mention at all. On their return from the fair Lady Dudley was dead, found lying on the floor of the hall, at the foot of the staircase. Bowes could tell Sir Thomas nothing more, as he had been among the rest away at the fair. Sir Thomas, having heard this, continued his ride, and stopped for the night at Abingdon, about four miles from Cumnor, and, wanting to hear what was said about the matter, sends for the landlord, and pretending that he was on his way to Gloucestershire, asked, "What news in these parts?"

House, London. Stowe says the queen's wardrobe was there, and that it had been a strong residence occupied by *Royalty*, afterwards turned into shops. Others derive it from the merchants of La Reole, who established themselves there, and gave to the street the name of *La Reole*.

\* A part of the staircase



The landlord replied, "There was fallen a great misfortune within three or four miles of the town. My Lord Robert Dudley's wife was dead."

Blount asked, "How was that?"

"By a misfortune, as he heard: by a fall from a pair of stairs."\*

Blount asked, "By what chance?"

The landlord did not know.

Blount asked, "What was his judgment and the judgment of the people?"

He said, cautiously enough, "Some said well, and some said evil."

"What do *you* think?" asked Blount.

The landlord said, "He thought it must be a misfortune, because it happened in that honest gentleman's house (meaning Mr. Forster's). His great honesty doth much curb the evil thoughts of the people:" *i.e.*, Mr. Forster was so well known as a respectable man that no one would believe a crime could be committed in his house.

"Methinks," said Blount, "that some of her people that waited on her should have something to say about this?"

"No, sir," said the landlord, "but little: for it is said they were here at the fair and none left with her."

"How might that be?" asked Blount.

"It is said," answered the landlord, "that she rose that day very early, and commanded all her sorte to go to the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home: which was thought a very strange thing for her to do."

This conversation took place on the Monday evening, at Abingdon. The same evening, Dudley at Windsor, having heard what Bowes, the first messenger from Cumnor, had to tell him, sends off by a return messenger one Bryse, with the following letter to Sir Thomas Blount:

Cosin Blount, — Immediately upon your departing from me there came to me Bowes, by whom I do understande that my wife is dead, & as he saithe, by a fall from a pair of staires. Little other understandinge can I have from him. The greatnes & the suddennesse of the myfortune doth so perplex me, untill I do heare from you howe the matter standeth, or howe this evill doth light upon me, considering that the malicious world will bryute [*i.e.* will say] as I can take no rest. And, because I have no waie to purge myselfe of the malicious talke that I knowe the wicked worlde will use, but one, which is the verie plaine truth to be known, I do praye you, as you have loved me, and do tender me & my quietness, and as nowe my special truste is in you,

that you will use all devises & meanes you can possible for the learning of the truth; wherein have no respect to any living person: & as by your own travell and diligence, so likewise by order of lawe, I mean, by calling of the Coroner, & charging him to the uttermost, from me, to have good regard to make choyse of no light or slight persons, but the discreetest & substantial men for the juries: such as for their knowledge may be able to search honorable & duellie, by all manner of examynacions, the bottom of the matter: & for their uprightness will earnestlie & sincearlie deale therein, without respect. And that the bodie be viewed & searched accordinglie by them: and in every respect to proceede by order & lawe. In the mean tyme, cosin Blount, let me be advertysed from you by this berer, with all speede, howe the matter doth stande: for, as the cause & the manner thereof doth marvelously trouble me, considering my case many waies, so shall I not be at rest till I may be ascertayned thereof: prayinge you ever, as my truste is in you, & as I have ever loved you, do not dissemble with me, neither let anything be hid from me, but sende me your trewe conceyt and opinion of the matter, whether it happened by evill chance or villainye: and fail not to let me heare contynewallie from you. And thus fare you well. In moch hast, from Windsor, this IX<sup>th</sup> day of September in the eveninge. Your lovinge frend and kynsman, moch perplexed. R. D.

Lady Dudley had (as mentioned above) a half-brother, John Appleyard, and an illegitimate brother, Arthur Robsart. So Dudley adds, in a postscript: —

I have sent for my brother [*i.e.* *brother-in-law*] Appleyarde, because he is her brother, & other of her frendes also, to be theare, that they may be previe & see how all things do proceede.

It is difficult to conceive how such a letter as this could have been written by a man who had previously given a tacit consent to his wife's destruction.

The distance from Windsor to Abingdon would be about forty miles. It does not appear at what hour Blount received it; but the next morning (Tuesday, 10th), having heard what was said and thought outside Cumnor, he went on to the house itself, and had the same account from the lady's own maid, Mrs. Pinto. He then asked her, "What *she* thought of the matter; was it chance or villany?" The maid answered: "By my faith, I judge it chance, and neither done by man nor by herself, for she was a good, virtuous gentlewoman, and daily would pray upon her knees; and divers times I have heard her pray to God to deliver her from desperation." "Then," said Blount, "she might have an evil eye in her mind?" (meaning,

\* A pair of stairs, in the west of England, means a staircase with two landings.

I presume, thought of suicide). "No, good Mr. Blount," said the maid, "do not so judge of my words. If you should so gather, I am sorry I said so much."

On Wednesday, 11th, Blount at Cumnor replied to Dudley's letter. He reports all that Bowes had told him on the road (which would be the same as Bowes told Dudley), and also all that he had heard and seen, as above given; adding that a coroner's jury was already assembling before he had reached Cumnor, and that since he had been there he had heard several strange things which led him to think that Lady Dudley had been somewhat disordered in her mind.

It has been alleged against Dudley that he showed great indifference by not going down immediately himself. But one may look at his conduct in another light. He knew well enough that he would be immediately suspected of having in some way led to the violent death. If he had gone down in person, his presence might probably have overawed a country jury, and hindered them from speaking out and asking questions freely; or it might be said that he had bribed them not to be too inquisitive. He therefore wisely stayed away; but he urged, in the very strongest terms, that no pains should be spared to find out if it were done by villany, and the guilty parties to be declared. Also that all his wife's own relatives should be sent for: thus giving to her family every opportunity of fair play. The chief of these were Mr. Appleyard, her half-brother, and Arthur Robsart, her illegitimate brother. Appleyard was a Norfolk man, high sheriff of that county the next year. Mr. Norris and Sir Richard Blount, both of well-known Berkshire families, were also there. The jurymen were all strangers to Dudley; but such was the jealousy towards court favorites, that there were some among them who would have been glad to connect him with the death if they could. Yet the answer sent to him was that *after the most searching inquiry they could make, they could find no presumption of evil dealing*. Sir Thomas Blount himself asked in every direction, and declared he could not find or hear of anything to make him suspect that violence had been used by any person. Lord Robert then writes to desire that a second jury of substantial honest men should be summoned; and to them he sent this message:—

To deal earnestly, carefully, and truly, and to find as they shall see it fall out. And if it fall out a chance or misfortune, so to find, and

if it appear villainy (as God forbid so mischievous or wicked body should live) then to find it so, and God willing, I shall never feare the due prosecution accordingly, what person soever it may appear any way to touch: as well for the just punishment of the act as for myne own trewe justification: for as I would be sorry in my heart any such evil should be committed, so shall it well appear to the world my innocency.

Here, before proceeding, two or three remarks.

1. If he had really in any way encouraged, or connived at, a violent death, it is next to impossible that he could have faced the ordeal of inquiry in such a tone as this.

2. These letters, which passed between Dudley and Blount at the very moment, annihilate some of the common falsehoods. For example (1) Verney and Forster (neither of whom is mentioned in the letters as being near the place) are said in the slanderous narrative ("Leicester's Commonwealth") to have sent away *all the servants*. It was Lady Dudley's own doing, and a very strange thing indeed for her to do. (2) The narrative says that the body was hastily buried, and that her father, Sir John Robsart, ordered it to be exhumed for the coroner. Amye's body was not buried, for the inquest was already sitting when Sir Thomas Blount arrived at Cumnor; and instead of the matter being hastily smuggled through, it was most closely inquired into, in the presence of all the lady's own friends and relatives that could be got together, under no restraint from the presence of Dudley himself. Nor could her father Sir John Robsart have given any order, for he had himself died several years before, viz. in A.D. 1553.

3. Though (as observed in the earlier part of this paper) the evidence found at Longleat does not clear up the whole mystery, still its tendency is to give a new complexion to many of the circumstances. It certainly does not present any traces of estrangement between Dudley and his wife, or of dark arrangements for putting her out of the way.

Mrs. Pinto, the lady's maid, was satisfied that the death of her mistress was a pure accident, "neither done by man nor herself." The jury "could find no presumption of evil dealing." The late Mr. Pettigrew, who wrote very carefully upon the subject, accepted the verdict of the jury, but adds: "There are at the same time some circumstances that lead to a suspicion that it might have been her own

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act. The strange stories which Sir Thomas Blount heard from the lady's maid, Amye's prayers to be delivered from desperation, and the sending all servants out of the house for the day, for them to find her dead when they returned" — these circumstances led Mr. Pettigrew to think that possibly she might for some time have been laboring under mental infirmity, and that care and seclusion in the house of friends with female companions about her, may have been desirable, instead of her appearing about the court, where her conduct might have excited remark, and have been inconvenient. It may be added that the prevailing whisperings and slanders about the queen's only waiting for her death, and that treachery was on foot, had reached her; and it is not difficult to believe that continual suspicion of being *marked* may have had a depressing effect and have led her to destroy herself. However, after a prolonged inquiry, the jury found it mere accident. For Dudley it was a very untoward accident; and that it *should* just happen when everybody was saying that something *would* happen, was undoubtedly one of those very extraordinary coincidences which it is not easy to explain to public satisfaction. She was buried by Dudley in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, with great expense and magnificence, a number of ladies attending as mourners, followed by the University dignitaries, and Dudley's friends, some of them of the Privy Council. The expenses of the funeral are mentioned in one of the account-books at Longleat. The exact site of the vault had been forgotten, but it has lately been ascertained and an inscription ordered to be cut upon the top step of the three steps rising into the chancel.

Another feature in this case favorable to Dudley is, that distinguished men of the day who were familiar with him harbored no suspicion of unkind feelings on his part towards the wife of his youth: among them particularly, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, ambassador at Paris, of a party wholly opposed to Dudley in religion, being a Roman Catholic; also Sir Henry Sydney, father of the famous Philip. Sir Henry told the Spanish ambassador that the death "he was quite sure was accidental. He had examined into the circumstances with the greatest scruple, and could discover nothing like foul play, however the public mind was possessed with the opposite opinion." This evidence comes from *official* Elizabethan correspondence, discovered among

the archives at Simancas, in Spain; and it is corroborated by evidence at Longleat, not less valuable because *non-official*. A common letter about sending venison pasties, and apologizing for the possibly bad baking of them, is hardly a document in which one would have expected to find anything to help in forming an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the husband of Amye Robsart. The letter was written to Robert Dudley by Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, his brother-in-law. He was one of a few of blood royal who were in turn named for the succession to the crown in case of Elizabeth's death, being a candidate of the house of York, descended (through the Pole family) from George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Richard the Third, not, as it would appear, being himself ambitious of the honor, but the nominee of a certain political party.

Lord Huntingdon's letter was written from the town of Leicester on the 17th of September, 1560, nine days after the death of Amye, and the news reached him whilst he was writing it. He then added a postscript.

*Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, to Lord Robert Dudley.*

My very good Lord. After my most harty commendations. Although I am sure you are not without plenty of Red deer, yet I am bold to send you half a dozen pies of a stag which was bred in the little garden at Ashby (de la Zouche). I would be glad to understand how the baking doth like you, for I am in some doubt my Cook hath not done his part, but you must pardon this fault, and it shall be amended: for if you love to eat of a stag, I will have one ready for you any time (I trust) this winter. It shall be as fat as any forest doth yield & within 4 days warning he shall be sent to you. Thus my good lord and brother I take my leave, wishing to you in all things as to myself. From Leicester the 17 of Sept.

Your assured brother to the end

H. HUNTINGDON.

*As I ended my Letter, I understood by Letters the death of my Lady your wyffe. I doute not but long before this tyme you have considered what a happy hour it is, which bringeth man from sorrow to joy, from mortality to immortality, from care and trouble to rest and quietness: & that the Lord above worketh all for the best to them that love him well. I will leave my babbling, & bid the buzzard cease to teach the falcon to fly: & so end my rude postscript.*

To my very good Lord & Brother, the Lord Robert Dudley.

On this letter one remark may be made. It is a fair instance of the value of *private and familiar documents*. Official papers

are always got up with a certain formality of preparation, to meet the public eye, or for a purpose. Here is a simple private letter of the very time, naturally written, on an ordinary subject, not likely to meet any other eye than that of the person written to, and therefore most unlikely to contain any fictitious or misleading sentiment. Being merely a friendly message about such every-day matters as pies and a cook, it suddenly turns off, on the receipt of serious news, to a tone which would have simply been a piece of sickening hypocrisy, if the writer had ever had the faintest inkling of ill-will or ill-conduct on the part of Dudley towards his wife. If any such feeling had existed, it must have been well known to his own brother-in-law.

There would be, if we could only recover it, conclusive evidence upon this mysterious story, in the written depositions taken at the coroner's inquest, and the full statements of all who were examined. But nothing has hitherto been found in any depository of records in the county of Berks.

There remains now only one more item of evidence in Dudley's favor, found (also quite accidentally) among the old letters at Longleat. It is a very important one as bearing upon this story; and it is also another curious instance of the value of secret history.

One of our living historians has taken much trouble in dealing with Dudley's case. He has had the benefit of much correspondence and other matters newly brought to light, both among our own records and those of Spain. He has carefully weighed and sifted all this, and though Lord Robert is apparently not one of his favorites, still upon this particular question Mr. Froude is, upon the whole, inclined to acquit him personally. But there is one particular document which has yet to be explained before the acquittal is quite satisfactory. This is in the large collection of papers at Hatfield. It appears to Mr. Froude (if not explained) to show that Dudley was not so zealous as he seemed to be, that his unhappy wife was indeed murdered, and that with proper exertion the guilty persons might have been discovered.

The Hatfield document refers to Mr. John Appleyard, half-brother to Amye Robsart, one of the relatives whom Dudley insisted on bringing to Cumnor to watch the proceedings at the coroner's inquest.

In 1567, seven years after Amye's death,

the question of Dudley's marriage with the queen had been again brought forward into public discussion. Of course it excited the vigilant jealousy of some, the religious or political opposition of others. The old suspicions about Amye's death were not forgotten. The substance of the Hatfield document is, that it had been reported to Cecil (in 1567) that John Appleyard had been heard, some time before, in a moment of irritation, to let fall words to this effect: that he (Appleyard) "had not been satisfied with the verdict of the jury at her death; but that, for the sake of Dudley, he had covered the murder of his sister." Upon this being reported to Cecil, it became imperative to have the matter inquired into: so Cecil orders Appleyard's attendance, and requires him to explain, very precisely, what he had meant by those words. Appleyard explained away his words in this manner: that though he would not exactly say Dudley was himself guilty, yet he (Appleyard) had thought it would be no difficult matter to find out who the guilty parties were.

That is the substance of the only remaining paper upon which Mr. Froude appears to suspend his judgment. He says: "If Appleyard spoke the truth, there is no more to be said. The conclusion seems inevitable, that though Dudley was innocent of direct influence, the unhappy lady was sacrificed to his ambition, and was made away with by persons who hoped to profit by Dudley's elevation to the throne."

But there is another document, accidentally found at Longleat, which shows that Appleyard was not much to be depended on, and that he had second thoughts about the language he had used. This is a letter, telling the news of the day in the most *inartificial* manner: just like that of the Earl of Huntingdon's before mentioned, which began about venison pasties, and ended with condolence on the news just come of the death of the wife. It is from Sir Henry Nevill to Sir John Thynne, the builder of Longleat House. Sir Henry Nevill was a Berkshire gentleman, a friend of Sir John Thynne, writing to him from London about family news and the events of the day.

*Sir Henry Nevill to Sir John Thynne. (1567, June 9.)*

After my herty comendacyons unte yowe & my Lady, & the lyke from awll our wemen who I thanke God are awll in helthe. I hav so rare messengers that I may trust that I dare

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not ventewr no letters of any importance. Now, havyn Ludlo, I wyl send you seche as here are currant. *On Fryday in the Star-Chamber was Apyleard brought forth, who showed himself a malytyous beast, for he dyd confesse he accusyd my Lord of Lecyster only of malyes: & that he hath byn about yt thes 3 years, & now, bycause he cold not go thoroghe with his bysens [business] to promot, he fell in this rage ageynst my lord & wold hav acusid hym of 3 thynges: 1. of kyllyng his wif. 2. of sending the Lord Derby in to Scotland. 3. for letting the quen from maryedge. He cravyd of pardon for awll thes thyngs . . . My lord keeper answeryd that . . . in King Henry 7th dayes, there was one lost his ears for slawndering the Cheff Justyce: so as I thinke his end wyl be the pillyry. [The letter then continues with other miscellaneous matter.]*

John Appleyard's grievance against Dudley (as stated in the letter) was that Dudley had not promoted Appleyard's "business" in some way, but for three years had neglected him; whereupon Appleyard turned against Dudley and did all he could to revive the slander about the murder of the wife. What the particular "business" was that Appleyard had expected Dudley to "promote," cannot be stated for certain, but it was perhaps this. In another original letter at Longleat, so far back as the 18th of August, 1560 (the year of Amye's death), Sir Thomas Gresham writes to Lord Robert, requesting him to use his influence in obtaining for John Appleyard the lordship of Wyndham, Co. Norfolk, for his better maintenance in the service of her Majesty in those parts. Probably Dudley had not done all he could to help his kinsman, and it is not unlikely that this was the disappointment that had exasperated Appleyard, and had caused him to let fall his evil speeches. However, be the provocation what it might, *John Appleyard had not spoken the truth.* At least, he confessed in the Star Chamber that he had been a *liar*; and Sir Henry Neville and the lord keeper clearly had no doubt about it.

Such are the few particulars, hitherto wholly unknown, supplied by the Longleat papers, on the question of Dudley's guilt or innocence in the case of Amye Robsart. They were gleaned one by one at intervals, and after patient scrutiny of a very large mass of faded and difficult handwriting. The documents and letters in which they occur are original, contemporary, and altogether inartificial. Without any wish to draw forced conclusions from them, but only to weigh their fair bearing upon this celebrated case, they

may perhaps be considered sufficient to establish so much as this: viz., that whereas little or nothing had hitherto been known about the married life of Dudley and Amye, it is collected from these documents that she was never unkindly treated by him. If she was weak and strange in her mind and an unfit companion for him at court and in society, she was at all events not put away into a lonely house, but lived with friends, and had abundant means supplied for all comforts. Opinions as to the cause of her death will still continue to be divided.

Some, struck by the remarkable circumstance of her ordering all her own servants away from the house on the morning of the day on which she was found dead by them on their return, and connecting this with the great probability of rumors of intended mischief having reached her ear and affected her spirits (as appears from the "prayers to be delivered from desperation" mentioned by her maid), may think that she destroyed herself.

Those who hold to the belief that she was certainly murdered, may at all events be willing to allow that the husband of her youth was, with all his faults, not such a monster as to dictate the murder, but that it was the act of officious partisans speculating upon some benefit to themselves through Dudley's elevation.

Some may agree with Mrs. Pinto, the lady's maid, and the jury, that there was no violence, but chance: "a very misfortune." She was found lying on the hall floor. Had there been any violence, such as strangling, suffocation, or the dagger, some marks must have been visible on her person or features. The jury must have seen these; but they found none. A murder of any kind could hardly have been committed in a house in the middle of the day without some one's attention being attracted by screams or other disturbance. There were three ladies, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Forster, and Mrs. Odingsell, besides their servants, in some part of the house, yet they could give no account. A fainting-fit may have produced a fall, or a fall have produced a fit. People die in a moment from spasms of the heart, or, from various causes, are found dead in their chair or bed, without any suspicion of murder.

Suggestions of this sort may perhaps be received with impatience by readers who have long since made up their minds; but those who care for truth and justice will weigh all that is to be said on



more sides than one. Whatever the immediate cause of Amye Robsart's death may really have been, it is certain that the eye and ear of the public are continually refreshed with much that is known to be untrue in the details, whilst the chief scandal itself has never yet been proved to be true in the main. For by what evidence was it ever proved to be a murder? Against her husband we all know there were many other accusations which were never substantiated. That he was personally responsible for the death of Amye Robsart, the evidence has yet to be produced.\*

J. E. JACKSON.

\* All the documents discovered at Longleat to which reference is made in this article are printed in *extenso* in the *Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Magazine*, No. 49. Bull, Devizes.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOLING O'T."

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

OF all the party, Mab was the least moved by the tragedy of Lady Elton's death. She had formed no particular attachment to her sister's friend, of whom, to say the truth, she stood somewhat in awe, as of an inexorable fate, exacting painful sacrifices in the way of frequent hand-washing and hair-brushing. Still, she was grave and sorry when Grace told her of the event, and much moved by the rare sight of her sister's tears. Her arms were around Grace's neck directly, and she fondled her tenderly, as though another and utterly different nature were developed in her by the touch of grief.

Of course, she plied both mother and sister with a continuous stream of most difficult questions as to the cause of Lady Elton's death; of deaths in general; as to which side of the table the cork dropped out of the bottle of chloroform; as to the probable conduct and opinions of Luigi on the occasion. Was Lady Elton quite dead upon earth? Well, then, what was the real Lady Elton who was inside of her doing now? Could she see them? for people *did* come back sometimes. There was their great-great-grandfather, Randal de Burgh, who was shot by D'Archy of Connemara—he used to walk by the shore on stormy nights! Nurse's son saw him twice. And then, in a tone of calm consideration, —

"I don't think I should be frightened if I saw Lady Elton in her own clothes; but I should if she came in a sheet!"

"I wish, Mab, you would not talk in such a dreadfully irreverent manner," said Mrs. Frere, with much displeasure; "repeating nurse's ridiculous stories at such a time."

"She did not mean any disrespect, mother!" suggested Grace. "Now, Mab dear, run away to school."

"Why, must I go to school? My black frock is not ready. Had I not better stay at home, mammy?"

"No; certainly not!" cried Grace, shrinking from the notion of a whole day of cross-examination. "Mother and I are going to be very busy; and you will be much happier at school."

"I do not think so," returned Mab.

And the *entente cordiale* between the sisters seemed for a moment in danger of interruption. The entrance of Balfour, however, changed Mab's views. He called thus early to ask if the morning's post had brought any further intelligence; but Mrs. Frere had been much disappointed by not receiving any letters.

Balfour, seeing Mab in an insurrectionary attitude, proposed escorting her to school, as she was already late, an offer immediately accepted, with the ulterior view of inducing him to take her round the town, and to a particular chocolate-shop.

Though most bureaucratic matters are well and regularly ordered in imperial Germany, occasional variations occur, and erratic letters which should have been delivered in the morning, appear at an hour when they are not expected. Grace was busy writing to Jimmy Byrne, and Mrs. Frere was doing some nondescript, useless crochet-work, in an intermittent way, "wondering" and "supposing" at intervals, in a way that indicated the nervous expectancy of her thoughts, when Mab returned from school.

"I never, never knew Maurice so unkind!" she exclaimed, with a pout; "he made me go just straight to school. And I was late, after all, so I had to wait an hour in the garden. But Thérèse von Bistram was there, too, and a beautiful heap of sand and gravel; so we built a fort, and scattered a good deal about. And the Hausmann, he *was* in a rage!"

"What is that in your hand, Mab?" asked Grace.

"Oh! it is a letter; the postman gave it to me on the stair. I think it is for you, Grace."

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"I seem to know the writing, and yet I do not!" said Grace, examining the stiffly written address — "Miss Frere, Zittau."

"Goodness gracious!" cried the mother, rising and reading it over her shoulder; "it is from your uncle Frere. Open it at once."

Grace obeyed, not heeding a slip of paper which fell from it.

"MY DEAR NIECE," ran the epistle, —

"You have most probably seen in the public prints an account of the lamentable accident which has caused the death of Lady Elton. Her attendants telegraphed for my son, who is the deceased's executor, and he started at once for Paris. Previous to his departure, he informed me, somewhat, I confess, to my surprise, that my late sister-in-law had made you her sole heir, by a will executed shortly before leaving England for Germany, in April last. In a letter from Max, received this morning, he begs of me to communicate with you at once, and request you to return to London as soon as convenient. There will be much to arrange, which may be greatly facilitated by your presence here. You must allow me to act as your banker for the present; I inclose, therefore, a check for fifty pounds, to meet immediate expenses. Neither Max nor myself know much of the late Lady Elton's affairs; but there is no doubt she has left considerable property. I offer you my best congratulations on your good fortune, and sincerely hope that the responsibility of wealth may bring prudence in its use. Let me know if I shall engage rooms for you at the Langham. With best remembrances to Mrs. Frere, who will, of course, accompany you to London,

"I am yours very truly,

"RICHARD FRERE.

"MISS FRERE,

"Zittau, Saxony."

Grace ceased reading, and was quite silent, as if stunned or awed. But Mrs. Frere, with an hysterical sob, threw her arms round her.

"My own darling, you will have your proper position, in spite of them all! But I wish she had not forgotten Randal."

"Dear mother, it is more than I can believe," said Grace, in a subdued tone. "All to me! Ah, she loved me well. If I could but have seen her once more!"

"Why, Grace!" cried Mab, who had been an unheeded listener, "are you to have everything? — that beautiful drawing-room, and Luigi, and the gold ch  teau that Lady Elton wore, with all the

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pretty little things hanging to it? And we are to go to London! I shall sit in the balcony all day long."

"Grace, dear," said Mrs. Frere, "you do not seem rejoiced — you are trembling." Grace was silent. "It is most wonderful. I did think she might have left you a legacy, but *everything*! — it takes away my breath! And, you see, your uncle talks of the responsibility of wealth. If *he* talks of wealth, what a quantity of money she must have left! I trust heaven will direct you in the disposal of it."

"Oh, how delicious it will be to pay Max the last farthing, and return dear Jimmy's loan, and make him happy and comfortable!" cried Grace, waking out of her surprise and awe to the glorious reality of heirship.

"And Randal might leave that priggish Sir Alexander Atwell, and travel on his own account — perhaps with a secretary of his own," added Mrs. Frere. "We may have a resident governess, too, for Mab; it would be such a comfort. And, Grace, dear, how soon do you think we can be ready to leave Zittau?"

"Ah, I shall be sorry to leave dear Zittau. How tranquil and comfortable it has been, and every one is so kind! And dear Uncle Costello, and dearest Frieda! Oh, pray God we may find as much good as we leave behind!" cried Grace, the strange awe and trouble which oppressed her finding natural relief in tears.

"My own love, I do not wonder at your feeling upset by such overwhelming news," said Mrs. Frere sympathetically. "I will get you a glass of wine, and then we must see what is to be done. First, we must have a little fresh mourning; and there is no such thing as crape to be had here."

"I will come back directly, mother," returned Grace, rising. "I feel as if I must be quite quiet for a few minutes," and she left the room, unable either to suppress or explain the real source of her agitation.

How would Maurice Balfour take these strange tidings? Would he fly from her? Would he seek her? She dreaded the effect they might produce on her fate — her happiness. But this passed over. It is not possible to buoyant youth to distrust itself and high fortune; and soon Grace rose above the first tremulous fears and doubts induced by her uncle's startling letter, and soared into the regions of bright anticipations and imaginative schemes.

At this point of her meditations, a sudden clatter and hubbub of voices from the adjoining *salon* told her that the Dalbersdorf party had arrived, even had Mab not burst into the room to announce that Uncle Costello and Cousin Alvsleben, Gertrud and Frieda, were all there.

Grace saw directly on entering that the great news had not yet been communicated. Mrs. Frere was sitting on the sofa, Frau Alvsleben beside her, holding one hand, while the count had drawn a chair in front of her, and taken the other; Gertrud and Frieda standing a little back, their handkerchiefs at their eyes.

Count Costello looked truly and unaffectedly grieved.

"Du lieber Himmel!" Frau Alvsleben was saying, "what a misfortune! The dear and gracious lady!"

"She was so pleased with our home and life," sighed Gertrud.

"Never to see her more," said Frieda.

"A cruel loss," put in the count.

"Irreparable," returned Mrs. Frere, releasing her hand from Frau Alvsleben to press her handkerchief to her eyes. "And to know how she loved my Grace, and thought of her. We have but just now received the announcement from my brother-in-law, Mr. Frere, that she has bequeathed the whole of her large fortune to my dear child!"

Grace felt strangely ashamed at this pompous declaration. A sort of dread lest her mother was unwisely exaggerating made her lower her eyes as she advanced, saying, —

"We do not know if it is really very large, dear mother."

But the thunderbolt had fallen and the German cousins were in a flutter of excitement.

"Potztausend!" cried the count; "she deserves every thaler of it."

"Gott in Himmel!" screamed Frau Alvsleben, after a pause of astonishment to take in the immense idea. "All, didst thou say, best of cousins?" she added, her high tones slightly tempered with awe. "Why, Gracechen, thou art a millionaire — a princess of wealth!"

"And what will Wolff and Rudolph say?" continued Frieda and Gertrud.

"My child, God bless you and help you, and send you a wise, kind partner to share your life," said the good old count.

And Grace, inexpressibly touched by his tone, threw her arms round his neck, and wept silently on his shoulder; Cousin Alvsleben, Frieda and Gertrud using their handkerchiefs freely, and ejaculating:

"Man kann's nicht glauben!" "Wunderbar!" "Es geht mir an's Herz!" "Sollst dich freuen!"

"Well!" said Frau Alvsleben at length, pocketing her handkerchief, "what is next to be done? We cannot hope to keep you in our little Zittau."

"Alas, no!" cried Frieda; "your gain is our loss."

"What shall we do without you?" cried Gertrud, a sort of joyous warmth in her voice not often to be perceived in its tones.

"Oh, you must come and see us!" exclaimed Mrs. Frere, with affectionate earnestness. "I am sure it will give Grace the greatest delight to welcome such kind relatives and friends, as you have proved yourselves, to her house. Ah! and dear Cousin Alvsleben, such a house! full of the most lovely objects of art, pictures, china — everything you can think of! Indeed, it is very kind of my brother-in-law to be so friendly and helpful, when all these valuables are to go to Grace instead of his son. It would have been such a charming *ménage* for a young man about to marry — and I suppose Max will marry."

"Perhaps he may marry and keep all the beautiful things still!" said Frau Alvsleben, with a significant look at Grace. "It was this Mr. Max Frere who was coming to pay you a visit, *nicht wahr?*"

"Oh! you are quite mistaken — nothing of the kind," returned Mrs. Frere, interrupting her kinswoman's look with the most frank unconcern. "Max was like a son and a brother in our house."

"Nevertheless this great inheritance will make a difference in his views and wishes; though no doubt you will now expect a nobleman for Grace."

"Who, I suppose, is to have no choice in the matter," put in the young lady herself, with a slight smile, though her face was still sad. She had drawn a chair beside the count, and passing her arm through his, leaned her head against his shoulder, her attitude and aspect more suggestive of despondency than the exultation natural to a newly-made heiress.

"Tell me, then, my best of cousins," resumed Frau Alvsleben, "how rich was our dear, lost friend? How many thousand thalers had she? I never know your pounds and shillings."

"I do not know myself, but I suppose she must have had at least forty or fifty thousand pounds, to live as she did. How much is that in thalers, Uncle Costello?"

"Oh! about three hundred and fifty thousand," said the count, after murmuring over a rapid calculation.

"Du lieber Gott!" cried Frau Alvsleben; "it is a mine of wealth! I wish, my Gracechen, you would wed some good Saxon; there is many a —"

But the door opening to admit Balfour, interrupted her.

He stopped short on seeing the group formed by the count and Grace, and then advancing, exclaimed quickly, —

"No more bad news, I hope?"

"Bad news!" screamed Cousin Alvsleben and her two daughters. "No, indeed! Come, congratulate our dear Grace; for she is the heir of all Lady Elton's wealth — every thaler — three hundred and fifty thousand! Think of that!"

Balfour stood a moment quite still, as if stunned, repeating in a mechanical way, —

"What, all — all —"

Grace started up, and coming to him, put her hand in his.

"Oh, Maurice!" she said, "I cannot believe it — it almost frightens me."

"An agreeable kind of fright, I imagine," returned Maurice, with rather a constrained smile, while he pressed her hand almost painfully.

Grace was silent — a little repelled by this unsympathetic answer, and returned to her seat by the count.

"Here is my brother-in-law's letter, uncle, if you would like to look at it, and then give it to Maurice."

The count drew out his glasses and perused the document with much attention, and then passed it on to Balfour, observing, —

"No mistake about that, faith! I congratulate you, me darling."

Balfour read and folded up the *épître* in silence, which, amid the general clatter, was not noticed by any one save Grace, who, watching him shyly, under her drooped lashes, heard the general conversation as in a dream.

Mrs. Frere was mildly magnificent, though too well-bred and kind of heart to be boastful; but she was unbounded in her proffers of hospitality when Grace should be established in her town house. She looked forward with pleasure to introducing her relatives to the circle which would naturally gather round Grace. She only regretted their dear old friend Maurice Balfour was going away so soon and so far; otherwise, he well knew he would be a favored guest. Perhaps, indeed,

they might be travelling together, for they must get away as soon as possible.

"I fear I must leave before you can possibly be ready," returned Balfour, looking down and speaking gravely.

"How!" "Going too!" "Ach, we shall be quite deserted!" from the Dalbersdorf ladies; while Grace looking up quickly exclaimed, —

"But I thought you were not obliged to go immediately, Maurice?"

"I have been re-reading Darnell's letter, and I believe it would be wiser of me to go at once," he replied, still looking down.

"Oh, pray do come with us!" cried Mrs. Frere. "It is so nice to have a gentleman to travel with."

Grace kept silence.

"I should of course be most happy to be your escort," said Balfour, rousing himself with a sort of effort, "and possibly I may; it depends on what the post brings."

"And, my friends," cried Frau Alvsleben, "come out all of you and take the evening meal with us at Dalbersdorf, and drive back in the moonlight. The day is too far spent to do much, save to answer your letters; and you will be too busy to do more than take a peep at us after."

"What do you say, Grace?" asked Mrs. Frere. "I think it would be very nice; and, as Cousin Alvsleben says, we will have scarce time to do more than pay a hurried visit. Imagine what a quantity we will have to do, for we must try to leave in a week."

Grace said, —

"Oh, let us go, by all means."

"But why trouble to pack up everything? Just go and leave all; you surely can come back again! You do not leave us forever?"

"I hope not indeed!" cried Grace, warmly.

Soon after this the count and his daughter departed in one direction, while Gertrud and Frieda went to do some shopping in the other; Balfour, somewhat to Grace's surprise, offering to escort them, alleging that Mrs. Frere and Grace would like to be left to write their letters in peace.

No sooner were mother and daughter alone, than Grace, turning with much animation to Mrs. Frere, exclaimed, —

"Mother dear, let us arrange what we are to do at once. I am more anxious than I can tell you to be in London, to settle everything, and know how things really are. Do not think me contradictory, but I cannot help feeling that Lady

Elton has not such a quantity of money as Uncle Frere thinks. It will be riches to us, no doubt, whatever she has left; but do not, dear — do not expect too much. Will you write to Jimmy Byrne, while I answer Uncle Frere? I will tell him we shall start for London on — let me see, this is Thursday — on Wednesday next." "Oh, Gracey, we shall never manage it."

"We must try, dear mother."

The memory of that day, its oppressive, painful bewilderment, remained long with Grace. Her happy, joyous anticipations of the freedom wealth confers, of the benefits to Mab and Randal, the comfort and repose for her dear mother which it would now be in her power to bestow — were shadowed by a conviction which pressed upon her with a vague, formless, yet irresistible weight, that this sudden accession of wealth had raised an insurmountable barrier between Maurice and herself. Whatever belief had arisen in her heart that he loved her with more than a brother's love, he would never tell her now. She would scarce wish it. She felt that, in his place, *she* would not make a first declaration directly the object of her affections had inherited a large fortune; and so — must she lose him? Yes; unless some unforeseen combination of circumstances occurred, she must let him drift away, without stretching forth a hand to stay him. Then she knew how "far above rubies," above the highest fortune, was the love, the companionship of Maurice Balfour; and yet, through this noble gift of her lost friend, she might, probably would, lose him.

The Abend-brod at Dalbersdorf was a repetition of many other evenings — some additional health-drinking and glass-clinking — warm, hearty, loudly expressed rejoicing in her good fortune. Count Costello, elated and eloquent; Cousin Alvsleben, Gertrud, and Frieda, loud in conjectures and suggestions; a proud smile of perfect content on the mother's beloved face; scarcely concealed curiosity on the Verwalter's part; and an evident struggle, evident to Grace, on Balfour's to be lively and agreeable.

It was surprising what a charm all the homely, familiar details of supper, the evening routine, the aspect of the house and its simple surroundings, possessed that night for Grace. There she had first risen from the depression which had wrapped her in a gray mist from the day she left Dungan; there she had met with tenderness and sympathy; there she had

contrived to secure the pleasant, peaceful home which had restored her mother to tranquillity and content.

After supper, which had been rather early, Mab, who of course was of the party, begged Frieda to go to the Elfinweise, and all, save the count and Cousin Alvsleben, agreed to the suggestion.

It was a delicious evening in early June. The fields were fresh and fragrant; the young larches, sycamores, and beeches tenderly green against the sombre pines; the ground beneath the trees richly clothed with an endless variety of leaves and blossoms; the soft evening air trilling with occasional strains of sweetest song from its feathered denizens. Mrs. Frere took Gertrud's arm. The Verwalter and Mab gathered wild-flowers; and Grace walked between Frieda and Maurice — she was very still and silent.

At the spring they halted; and Frieda proposed they should climb a small, rocky eminence, at a short distance off, from which a good view of the sunset could be had. And then a change of front occurred — Grace at length finding herself alone with Balfour. She had lingered a moment by the well, not quite unintentionally, and Balfour waited for her.

"How angry he must have been to have forgotten himself so completely!" he exclaimed abruptly, as if out of his thoughts.

"Who — what?" asked Grace; then coloring, as the memory of their last interview in this place came back to her, she added: "Yes, yes; I remember. It was strange!"

"But easy to be explained," returned Balfour. "I am glad he, Falkenberg, is away just now, otherwise — but I may do him injustice, and I cannot help pitying him."

"I do not think you need, Maurice: he is fanciful and — and sentimental; but —"

"But — Grace, you do not know men. You cannot fathom what may cause the deepest suffering — suffering that must not be shown, for which sympathy must not be asked."

"Why, Maurice?" asked Grace, her heart beating fast, her pulse thrilling. "Why not ask for sympathy — unless indeed for something you are ashamed of?"

"Ah, I must not let myself talk sentiment!" said Balfour, trying to rally. "I hope life will now have little but sunshine for you. Suffering and mortification and such like disagreeables ought to have no place in your vocabulary."

"Ah, Maurice!" cried Grace, with a sound as of tears in her voice, "do you think that money can buy *all* I want? It is very, very little money can do for me."

"Yes; I don't think you care much about grandeur or riches *now*. But it seems to be your destiny to have both; they will influence you in spite of yourself, and change you."

"Not to my friends — my old friends, dear Maurice," pleaded Grace, the tears starting to her eyes. "You do not believe I would change towards — you?" She brought out the word with a lingering sweetness that made it a caress.

"I believe there never was a truer, nobler heart than yours, Grace; and if we are not to meet again, you will rest in my memory as the dearest, best friend man was ever blest with. Whatever happens, remember that."

He caught her hand and kissed it, making a movement as if to draw her to him, which he arrested by a supreme effort over himself, the result of that mastery of reason and conscience — the outcome in one direction of the complicated mechanism of modern training, which sometimes leads to the unwise suppression of natural impulse, when it is innocent and healthy. Had Balfour been less master of himself, his destiny and that of Grace might have been different.

"Not meet again! Why should we not?" she asked, all quivering with fear and expectation.

"Ay, we may meet again; but never as we are now — as friends, comrades, equals. There — I cannot trust my own voice; I must remember what is due to you, and to myself."

These last words were uttered in a low but resolute tone, as a sudden turn of the road brought them upon Mab and the Verwalter, who were busy gathering some particular ferns which the former wished to take to England.

The rest of the evening passed without any opportunity of private conversation. Balfour was somewhat silent, but amiably complaisant, and parted with Mrs. Frere and her daughters at their own door, with a promise to let them know early the next morning what the post had brought forth.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

THE next day, Grace awoke with the same dull sense of impending evil which had haunted her since her uncle's letter had brought "tidings of great joy" to Mrs. Frere; and yet they were tidings which, but for one consideration, would

have charmed and elated her. Grace warmly appreciated all the pleasures and indulgences money could buy, and beyond, the more exquisite delight of sharing her prosperity with those she loved; yet all this sunshine was clouded over by a dread, which was almost certainty, that "high fortune" brought her bitterest loss.

She came forth from solitary musings in her own room, prepared to do battle with the difficulties of the day, and not to give up happiness without an effort to retain it.

The warfare commenced on the threshold of her chamber, where stood Mab in scanty garments, having sought her sister when but half dressed, to know if it was imperatively necessary for her to go to school that morning, because there was so much to do, and she had to pack her dolls and her dolls' things.

"Oh, indeed, Mab, you must go to school! we could do nothing while you are in the house. Go like a good girl, and a day or two before we start you shall pack all your things yourself — you shall indeed; only let the mother and me get over the worst of the work first."

"You are a nasty, disagreeable, unkind thing!" returned Mab, swinging herself round, and setting her back against the wall. "I know mammy would have let me stay at home, for she said, 'Let us ask Grace about it;' and it is all your fault."

"Mab, dear, don't worry; we have so much to do — pray be reasonable!"

"No, I will not," cried Mab resolutely. "Why should I? I am never let to do anything I like — not a single thing!"

"Whether you are or not, Mab, you must go to school to-day and to-morrow and the next day, so there is no use in making a fuss about it. Go and put your clothes on; you ought to be ashamed of running about in your petticoat. Is my mother ready for her coffee?"

"I don't know. Well, I shall tell them all at school that I am going to live in a grand house in England."

"Tell them what you like; only, pray dress yourself."

Grace went away to get breakfast ready, and Mab retired, growling, to her mother's room.

Mrs. Frere was still in a state of excitement, and talked more than usual. She wanted to achieve herculean labors of packing and arrangement that very day, and thought Grace provokingly slow, because she went, as soon as Mab was gone, to the writing-table to make a memoran-



dum of what was to be done, and the people to be seen.

"We will get on much faster if we work methodically," she returned; "and you, dear mother, will fidget yourself into a fever before we are ready to start, if you try to think of everything at once."

She had just finished writing, and stood with the paper in her hand reading its contents to Mrs. Frere, when Balfour entered unannounced.

He was very pale, and there was a stern, rigid look about his face, which struck Grace as a confirmation of her worst fears.

"Ah, Maurice!" cried Mrs. Frere cheerfully.

"Well!" said Grace, gazing at him almost with alarm.

"The post has brought me the summons I expected," returned Balfour, in a somewhat husky voice; "I must leave to-day."

Grace dropped quietly into her chair, and kept her eyes fixed on the piece of paper which she twisted in her hands.

"That is too bad," said Mrs. Frere, cordially; "I quite counted on you for an escort. Must you go, really? Is it imperative? You may as well sit down and tell us all about it."

Balfour complied, throwing himself on the sofa near Mrs. Frere's chair.

"I have had an official despatch this morning, and find from it that I shall have more to do in London than I anticipated, and must not let my time run too short. It is an awful wrench, but the sooner it is over the better."

He got up again, and walked to the window and back.

"When do you leave England?" asked Grace, with a degree of composure that astonished herself.

"About the first week in July; it is not absolutely fixed—some ten days hence. You know Darnell's firm have chartered the ship, so it is at their orders."

"We may see you in London, then?" said Grace; "we shall start on Wednesday."

"I trust we may meet," returned Balfour, pausing opposite, and letting his eyes dwell on her with inexpressible, wistful sadness; "let us hope so—let us believe it is not quite good-bye. By heaven, I *can't* say good-bye! Mrs. Frere, I will see Jimmy Byrne. Should I have sailed before you arrive, I will leave a letter for you with him. Do you know I must catch the twelve train; and it is now past eleven. Let me rob you of these,"

he said, turning hastily to the family photograph-book, and extracting the portraits of the mother and both daughters; "you will give them to me, will you not, to keep me company in the bush? And, Mrs. Frere, should we not meet again, you will answer my letters if I write? Don't let me drift quite away from you again."

"Of course I will write to you, my dear boy," said Mrs. Frere kindly. "We can never forget you; can we, Grace?"

"But it is not good-bye!" she exclaimed, with a sort of despairing energy, while she wondered how she kept from crying aloud with anguish; "we shall meet again in London. You will wait for us—you *will* wait, Maurice?"

"You know I dare not promise; but I do hope to see you again, and at any rate to hear of you. Dear Grace"—taking her hand—"I must not stay; I have left this visit to the last."

"But, poor Mab!" cried Grace, her heart beating to suffocation, while she did not attempt to withdraw her hand, "how grieved she will be not to have seen you!"

"I have been to her school, and begged permission to give her a parting kiss. Poor little soul, she began to cry. Now, Mrs. Frere," letting Grace's hand go, and turning to her, "adieu—I hope it is *au revoir*. Do not forget your promise."

He took her hand, and the kind-hearted lady offered him her still fair cheek; encouraged by which, Balfour bestowed a hearty hug upon her, then, again taking Grace's hands, he kissed them more than once, and left the room without a word to her. Grace, pale and trembling, stood for a moment quite still, where he had left her; then, by a sudden impulse, she darted through the window to the balcony, and, looking down, watched Balfour as he issued forth into the street. He paused, and raised his eyes to hers—a look that never left her memory—a look so full of love and sorrow that she could scarce keep in the cry, "Come back to me, Maurice—come back!"

But the force of custom, of pride, of timidity, was too strong for nature; and with a farewell wave of the hand, he passed on his way, and she "saw him no more."

"I am really sorry for Maurice, he is so nice and gentle—quite like another son to me. It is amazing he has not lost more of his gentlemanlike style, for his life seems to have been a strange one. I do hope we shall see him again before he leaves; don't you, Grace?"

But Grace was gone.



The days which intervened between this abrupt parting and their own journey were exceedingly like a nightmare dream to Grace. There was the same haunting sense of breathless hurry—the same almost agonized dread of “being too late”—the same desperate strain to find things, and arrange things, and accomplish impossibilities, which are peculiar to the class of visions in which one’s all depends on, say, being presented to some potentate who is only waiting to be gracious—and, lo! no efforts of mind or magic can evoke a court dress.

But the exertions and experiences of Grace Frere were more real and more successful. Largely helped by dear, kind Frieda, who quite devoted herself to the friends she was about to lose, Grace contrived to be quite ready to start a day earlier than she hoped, in spite of cruel interruptions on the part of the high official ladies who persisted in paying ceremonious visits of condolence and congratulation combined. Mrs. Frere—hungering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, which may be modernized into rooms at the Langham, and all that is implied by that expression—was wonderfully active; and even Mab, relieved from her fears of being again shut up in Miss Timbs’s lodgings, was less obstructive than Grace anticipated.

In the midst of packing, paying, and leave-taking, came a letter from Max to Mrs. Frere, friendly and judicious in tone. Grace felt pleased with him for addressing her mother instead of herself. After a few cordial words of congratulation, he went on,—

“At present I am quite unable to say what amount of property Lady Elton has left. She appears to have been singularly reticent as regards her investments and business matters; and I have not yet had time even to attempt an examination of the mass of papers through which I must wade; some, I see, are only to be opened by Grace. By the time you arrive, I shall, I hope, have some more definite information. Let me have a line to say what day and hour you propose arriving in London, and I will be at the station to meet you. The sooner you are here the better. Lady Elton’s rooms are, you know, let to the end of next month, after which Grace will probably wish to reside there for the remainder of the unexpired term. Let me know if I can do anything for you; and believe me,” etc., etc.

“How nice and sensible Max always is!” said Mrs. Frere, with a sigh; “I am

sure it is very fortunate for us to have such an executor. Of course, Grace, you will reside in those charming rooms? The two small ones near the entrance would make a nice bed and sitting room for Randal, when he returns. When do you think will our letters reach him?”

“It is impossible to say; he may be moving about. Will you write at once to Max, mother?”

“Yes, dear; but couldn’t you write? I am going with Frieda to settle about the school, and pay those accounts.”

“Very well, mother; then I can stay at home all day.”

As soon as Mrs. Frere and Frieda had departed, Grace sat down to write a few hasty lines to her cousin, intending when they were despatched to devote herself to packing the personal effects which were to accompany them, as there remained but two more days before their departure. Her brief epistle was quickly finished, and she was in the act of giving it to Paulina, who was constantly in tears since the break-up of the little household had been announced, when the door-bell rang sharply.

“Ah, Paulina! I really cannot see another visitor; you must say I am very busy.”

“Gewiss, meine Fräulein,” replied the damsel, hastening to the door, and the next instant she called out: “Ach, Gott! it is the Herr Baron, meine gnädige Fräulein!” and before the words were well uttered, Falkenberg came in hastily, his sword clattering behind him, instead of being hung up in the corridor with his usual deliberate care. He looked fierce and sombre, and had almost an alarming aspect.

“Ach, du liebe, liebe Grace!” he cried, throwing aside his cap and seizing her hand. “What is this that I hear? thou art suddenly become rich—rich beyond our dreams, and you leave us! How inexorably cruel is destiny!”

He let her hand go, and threw himself on the sofa. Grace felt exceedingly uncomfortable and embarrassed.

“This is an unexpected visit,” she said, trying to smile pleasantly; “I thought we should have been obliged to leave without seeing you.”

“Thought!” returned Falkenberg, starting up, walking to the window and back, and again throwing himself on the sofa—“hoped, you had better say! You must know what my feelings must be at this most unexpected freak of fortune! To think that all my self-sacrifice has

been in vain — that if I had followed the impulse of my heart to win yours, all would have prospered with me; and now it is absolute frenzy to know that I have perhaps lost you!"

Falkenberg, who spoke in German, covered his face in his hands, while his chest heaved.

"Don't talk so foolishly, Wolff! you know it is wrong — wicked, to speak like that. We have never been anything but friends, and never could have been anything else. According to your customs you are almost married to Gertrud, and it is an insult to make such speeches to me. If you intend to make a scene, I wish you would go away."

"But I am *not* married to Gertrud — I may never be married to her; and I have loved you and suffered (ach, Gott, what suffering!) for you, till I nearly hated you for the misery you caused me — and you knew it. No woman could be near a man that loved her as I love, and not be conscious of it. Hear me, best beloved! you were not quite indifferent to me when you rode so boldly to bring me help. If there is a chance that I might touch your heart, by heaven I will burst my bonds! You do not know the self-sacrificing devotion of German women," he went on hurriedly, suddenly changing his place to one beside her, and catching her hand which she struggled to withdraw. "If Gertrud knew that a union with her would be fatal to my happiness, she could rise to heights of which you do not dream! She would set me free, and then — my head reels at the possibility of the bliss that —"

"You shall not go on," cried Grace, indignantly wrenching her hand from him. "How dare you suppose, Baron Falkenberg, that even if I cared for you — which *indeed* I do not — I would consent to conduct so base and dishonorable! I wish you would understand that I am not and never was in love with you. And though I did like you very well, I am compelled to despise you for talking such wicked nonsense! Go away, and recover your senses. You ought to be thankful to find a kind, true-hearted girl like Gertrud, willing to give you herself and all she has."

"Ay!" returned Falkenberg, with cynical effrontery; "but I want you and all you have! You must know that what I feel for you is real passion, apart from every thought of wealth. Had I been rich enough to indulge my own wishes, do you think I would have hesitated about seeking you for my wife? You are a crea-

ture for whom I would commit a crime! and you are cold and unmoved — hard as your nation ever is; but," pacing the room to and fro, "I know the secret of your indifference. Balfour! from the moment you first named his name, I felt he would be my rival — my successful rival."

"There could be no rivalry between you," said Grace, with dignity; "your position rendered, or ought to have rendered, rivalry impossible."

"I will seek out Balfour," continued Falkenberg, still pacing furiously to and fro. "I will tell him that mine is a prior claim. I loved you from the first, while he, no doubt, from his intimacy with Lady Elton, knew of her intentions."

"You cannot seek him," returned Grace, coolly. "He has left Zittau for London on his way to Australia, and probably we may not see him for years."

"Is this true?" cried Falkenberg, stopping short and apparently much struck. "You do not love him then, if you let him go! — now when you could give him wealth as well as joy, you are not the woman to hold your hand, if you loved. But you are right," eyeing her closely; "what could you know of his life for the long years passed out of your sight? How can you tell what entanglement may hamper him — what ties in distant lands may hold him, and account for his extraordinary self-control and coldness?"

"Wolff," said Grace, in a voice low and concentrated, which yet seemed to touch and silence him, "if in the intimacy which I suppose exists between men, Maurice Balfour has confided to you more than he could or would tell us, do not betray him — do not be a traitor to your friend as well as your *fiancée*. Maurice may not be wiser or more prudent than other men; but he is honest and true, and I will always believe him worthy of esteem and regard, and —"

"And," interrupted Falkenberg, turning white, while a gleam of hatred and anger shone in his eyes, "you love him! my hint of his possible engagement — marriage — heaven knows what, struck home; your face tells truth. But he has gone, and I have failed, while you are wretched! Yes, I will leave you" — she had pointed to the door with a gesture of dismissal — "I will strive to conquer this madness; and the thought that you, too, have thrown away happiness, will be some help. You will not soon find another to love you as intensely as I do. Adieu, Grace — adieu."

He flung out of the room, leaving her

quivering with anger, with outraged feeling, and above all with a sharp terror lest the entanglement at which he hinted might be a fact of which he was cognizant.

Still the dominant idea, to get away to London as soon as possible, had force enough to goad her into action again, and she was hard at work when her mother and Frieda returned.

They had met Falkenberg, who told them he was obliged to go to the Caserne on regimental business, and feared he could not be at Dalbersdorf till next morning, when he would accompany Gertrud to pay a farewell visit to Mrs. Frere, for he had only forty-eight hours' leave.

At last, the trying week of haste and nervous eagerness was over, the last box strapped, the last flying visit to pleasant Dalbersdorf paid — Grace feeling vexed with herself that the absorbing desire to be on the wing stifled the wish she would otherwise have had to take a more deliberate farewell of the old house and its picturesque surroundings; but there seemed no room for anything in her heart save the craving to reach London before Maurice left it: and if he had hurried away sooner than she expected, it would be strong presumptive evidence that Falkenberg's insinuations were no random shots.

That gentleman had paid the promised visit in company with his Braut and mother-in-law elect, on which occasion he had been kindly courteous — all that he ought to be — yet tinged perceptibly (at least to Grace) with a degree of coldness and want of ease.

Gertrud, however, was gay and even gushing; while Frau Alvsleben announced with evident satisfaction that the wedding was now fixed for the 1st or 2d of August, about six weeks off.

"And, meine Liebe! you must come back to be with us then," said Gertrud, putting her arm around Grace. "Imagine a wedding at Dalbersdorf without you! and what is the cost of a journey to a millionaire like you?"

Grace made a complaisant but evasive answer, and was infinitely relieved when both Braut and Brautigam departed.

The real grief was to part from Uncle Costello. The kind old man, too, was greatly affected, and ardent were the promises exacted and given that he would come and visit them in England. Grace's last look and wave of the hand, as they steamed slowly out of the station, were for him.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

It was a damp, heavy, drizzling day, when, after a journey only a shade less trying than her last, Grace and her charges arrived in London. Doubly wearied by the toil of travel, and the constant ebb and flow of hope and fear in the current of her thoughts, Grace never believed she would be so pleased to see Max Frere as she was on first catching sight of him among those persons who were awaiting the train.

"Welcome back to England, aunt," he said, pleasantly, as he handed Mrs. Frere out of the carriage. "Ah, Mab! why you have grown a great girl! Grace, you look very tired. Do you expect any one?" for she looked round undisguisedly, as if in search of something.

"Oh, no! Only I thought, perhaps, Jimmy Byrne might be here!"

"I don't fancy he could get away in the morning; but I saw him yesterday, and he will call upon you this evening. Now, let us see after your luggage."

This was not difficult, as Mrs. Frere had left all the heavier part of her baggage to be sent *vid* Hamburg; and Max soon secured the services of a couple of porters, with the nonchalant command he generally exercised over his inferiors, while he gave his arm to Mrs. Frere and did not bestow too much attention to Grace, who was greatly moved at the sight of him, remembering how they had last met in the presence of the dear friend she should never see again; and Max seemed to understand her.

"How will you manage about the cabs?" he said, as the porters had called up two. "Mrs. Frere, you and Mab had better go together, and I will accompany Grace as far as the Mansion House. I am sorry to say I am too much engaged to go farther with you; but I shall see you this evening."

"Very well; and thank you, dear Max. Will you tell the man where to go — the Langham?"

"No; the Hyde Park Hotel. It is quieter, and close to us. I thought you would like it better."

"Follow," said Max to the driver, "and stop at the corner of King William Street."

He jumped in, and they were off — Grace absolutely dizzy with anxiety and repressed feeling. If Maurice was in London, he would have come to meet them; if he was not — "Chaos was come again." And she must wait till Jimmy

Byrne came before the terrible question could be solved. So absorbed was she that she scarcely felt the awkwardness of being alone with Max. She did not notice how intently, but guardedly, he watched her. She only thought of what that evening would bring forth.

The roar of the mighty life-stream on which their vehicles was borne along chilled and appalled her; for to no one does the immensity of London seem so immense as to an inhabitant who has been absent long enough to get unaccustomed to it; and during her late visit Grace had scarcely seen the city. Then it was so awfully desolate to think that there was no Lady Elton to welcome and befriend her; only the dread of showing weakness before Max kept her from the relief of tears. That she was rich and independent she could not realize as she sat silently beside her cousin, neither able to hear the other, even had they tried to speak, so great was the roar of the human tide. At length, on reaching a short stretch of asphalt, Max exclaimed, —

"You look awfully cut up, Grace; what has been the matter?"

"Oh, nothing; but I feel so keenly, on coming here, that I shall never see her more, as if I had no friend in this great, fearful town."

"But you have," said Max gently. "My father and myself wish to be your best, as we are your nearest, friends."

Ah! if Max had thought it worth while to have met her and spoken such words to her some fifteen months ago, how different everything might have been! This idea flashed across her, but it was of no importance now.

"You are very good," she returned; "but no friend can ever be to me what she was."

"But you are not elated at the fortune that has fallen to your share? You seem more like a mourner than one who has inherited — well, a good property."

"I am very, very glad to have escaped poverty, I assure you, Max, though we have really always been quite comfortable; but, then, it is well to be rich for others as well as for one's self."

"Perhaps so; but you must not be regardless of yourself. I am going to give you heaps of good advice. Come, Grace, will you have me for your friend and consulting counsel, if for nothing else? You see I am ready to accept your terms."

"Thank you, Max; I shall be grateful for your help in many ways."

"Very good; I understand the compact. I am sorry to see you look so depressed, dear cousin." He took her hand and pressed it lightly, and then they got on rough pavement again.

"Would you like to get into your mother's cab?" asked Max, as that vehicle stopped at the place indicated.

"No, thanks; I prefer being alone."

"I will be with you about nine; meantime, do rest yourself. You look terribly done up."

He raised his hat, and pausing to say a word to Mrs. Frere, he passed out of sight into the crowd.

The long drive to the neighborhood of the Marble Arch was at once tedious and rapid to Grace: and she was thankful to escape from herself, though it was by her own wish she had made the transit alone.

This arrival in London was very different from the last. So soon as they stopped at the door of the quiet, private hotel which Max had selected, forth came obsequious waiters to assist the ladies to alight, to carry the bags and packages, to pay the drivers with generous readiness, to wave the new-comers with reverential gestures into the interior, where stood the master or manager, bland, benign, white-chokered, impressively respectful, enough to make inexperienced guests feel an awe of themselves.

And then what dainty, comfortable bed-chambers, and what a cheerful sitting-room adjoining, with a pleasant peep of the Park.

"Mr. Frere's butler was around here just now, ma'am, to know if you had arrived. If these rooms do not answer, 'm, there is a suite on the other side of the staircase —"

"These will do very well," interrupted Mrs. Frere. "What do you say, Grace — are you satisfied?"

"Yes, quite."

"And I am very hungry," suggested Mab.

"Of course, dear; pray let us have breakfast or luncheon as soon as you can."

"Yes, 'm. Cold fowl and tongue, 'm — cutlets or cold lamb — a little fruit?"

"That will be nice," ejaculated Mab, who was enthralled by the view of the busy street beneath.

"Mother," said Grace, who, after inspecting their rooms, had stopped quite still in one of the windows gazing away into vacancy, "I should like to send a note to Jimmy Byrne, to make sure of his coming this evening. You know how modest and unassuming he is, and if he

thinks Max is to be here he will not come."

"Very well, dear," returned Mrs. Frere placidly, in the plenitude of her content — she would have said "Very well" to almost any proposition — "I must say this seems a most comfortable house, and a very agreeable coming back. I dare say we shall be better here than at the Langham. Are you too tired, my love, to go out after luncheon? because I am very anxious to get proper mourning, and see about securing a maid. You must have a maid, and indeed I should like a French *bonne* for Mab; perhaps they might recommend us a nice maid here."

"Perhaps so," returned Grace vaguely.

She had found her writing materials, and was scribbling a few lines in haste to Jimmy; yet, though feverish with anxiety, she could not write the name which was perpetually sounding in her heart; but she knew that Jimmy would not answer without saying if Maurice Balfour had sailed or not — perhaps he would enclose Balfour's letter, *if* he had one. Ah — what an if!

The note signed, sealed, and despatched, Grace escaped to the quiet of her own room to make the toilette so necessary after their night journey.

After luncheon or breakfast, Mrs. Frere was gently persistent in her determination to have "nice mourning;" but as Grace pleaded headache and extreme fatigue, she suggested going with Mab, observing that she was afraid of the crossings — and she supposed they need not think of every penny now — she would like to drive, and probably the best and most economical plan would be to have a brougham from the hotel. She therefore started cheerfully, leaving Grace to do battle alone. For a long time she sat with clasped hands, living over the past six weeks, — recalling all the subtle indications of regard and tenderness which Balfour had permitted to escape him; wondering, if he really cared for her, why he forsook her, yet half understanding it; wondering if it could be possible that Wolff von Falkenberg's cruel insinuations were true. At the moment they were first uttered, she rejected them as utterly false; but the curse of calumny is that it clings: though the insect cloud of insinuation can be waved out of sight in an instant, it is but to gather and sting afresh. It was quite possible that in those four or five years of separation anything might have occurred. The best of men were at times weak or wild or stupid; and if Mau-

rice thought himself bound in honor to do anything, he would do it at any risk. If he was hopelessly entangled she could but grieve for him and pray that he might outlive his trammels; but —

A knock at the door — enter the waiter.

"If you please, 'm, the gentleman was out; but as soon as he returns he shall have the note."

"Thank you," said Grace mechanically.

It was in vain then, her attempt to curtail her time of probation; she must wait and endure. So, with a sort of desperate resolution, she drew forth her writing materials, and indited a general epistle to Cousin Alvsleben. She felt ashamed of being so absorbed in her own selfish feelings. It was so weak, just what she would despise in Frieda — dear, kind, simple Frieda. And so she battled with herself till Mrs. Frere returned, followed by the obsequious waiter laden with neat, small, light-brown paper parcels, and Mab looking radiant.

"It is quite a treat to do shopping here," said Mrs. Frere, untying her bonnet-strings, and sitting down on the sofa; "they have such lovely things at Jay's — most tempting. But we have been very prudent, have we not, Mab? I ordered a black silk for myself, just trimmed with crape — not too deep, you know, that would look affected. And I saw such a lovely costume, black silk grenadine, with crape and bugles, and a bonnet to match; the whole thing not quite fifteen guineas — the very thing for you, Grace. I told the man to bring it up this evening for you to try on. You are really too indifferent to dress, my love — and now you need not stint yourself. Do you know, I dare say the people here can tell us of a maid."

"Yes, mother dear; but before we do anything, let us hear what Max has to tell, and ascertain what we may really spend," returned Grace, looking through her letter, crossing her t's and dotting her i's, and putting it into its envelope.

"You are always such a prudent puss," said Mrs. Frere complacently; "you will hardly know how to conduct yourself as becomes an heiress. I quite long to see Max this evening. By-the-bye, had we not better order dinner, or a meat tea, or something? It is past five o'clock; Mr. Byrne will not have dined."

"Yes, yes, dear mother. Ring the bell, Mab. Let us have tea after our old Albert Crescent style."

"I am afraid they will think us very shabby — eh, dear?"



"Oh, no; ladies are not expected to feast."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Frere, when the order had been given, and the waiter dismissed — "I wonder if Maurice Balfour is still in London? I should think he would hardly have started yet?"

"Hardly so soon," said Grace with a sigh. "If he has, Jimmy will have a letter for you."

"Oh, he may have forgotten to write, in the hurry of departure."

It was still early when Jimmy Byrne was ushered in, and he was received with the utmost warmth.

"Ah, Mrs. Frere, ma'am, I am proud and delighted to see you! Miss Grace, dear, sure there never was one would grace a fortune better or deserve it more than yourself! But you are not looking so well as I would wish. Well, Miss Mabel; why you are quite a young lady!"

"And how glad we are to see you, Jimmy," cried Grace, holding his hand in both hers. "Now that poor dear Lady Elton is gone, I feel more than ever that you are our only friend in London."

"Bedad, Miss Grace, you will find friends enough now; indeed, you always found them at your need, and no wonder!"

Then, after exchanging a few sentences respecting the sudden turn of fortune's wheel, the sense of which scarce reached Grace's comprehension, Jimmy broke out with, —

"Oh, Mrs. Frere, ma'am, I quite forgot — I have a letter here from your friend Mr. Balfour! Poor fellow, he sailed this afternoon. Where is it?" rummaging one pocket after another. "No, it isn't there. Well, now, it's not often I do such a stupid thing, but in the flurry of coming out I have just left it shut up in my desk; but I'll post it for you, ma'am, the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Oh, thank you, that will do very well. I dare say it is just a word of good-bye; he told me he would write."

"Ay, indeed; I declare he is an elegant young man, but greatly changed since I saw him before with Mr. Kandal — he was so white and downcast! 'Deed I doubt if it's a healthy place over there in Germany. Miss Grace doesn't look like herself."

"What was the matter with Maurice Balfour?" asked Grace, forcing herself to speak, and hearing her own voice as if it belonged to somebody else.

"Faith, I don't know! He used to come up to my place every evening, and

sit there dead quiet — he that was the height of good company; and I am sure he was always *that* kind. Before he went, he gave me an elegant pipe and a lot of books — new ones, faith! — Freeman's 'Essays' and some of Maine's works, just a treasure of reading; and made me promise to write to him. I can't tell you how kind and friendly he was."

"But he is gone!" said Grace, and started at the despair in her own tones, wondering that the others too did not recognize in it the wail of expiring happiness.

"He is so, Miss Grace," returned Jimmy, stealing a curious, loving, uneasy glance at her from under his shaggy brows; "and a capital appointment he has got for a young fellow that has to work his way. He will have to be there three or four years — maybe settle altogether; yet I cannot help feeling sorry he is gone."

Then they sat down to tea. Mrs. Frere was lively and hospitable; Mab in uproarious spirits; and Jimmy joyful over the good fortune of his adored young lady; while Grace, as usual, "poured out," and said a few words from time to time to avert notice, while her brain seemed suddenly converted into a mechanism incapable of producing any other idea, any other form of words, except "He is gone!" And her heart seemed dying, dying — hopeless!

This afternoon, this very afternoon — why it was possible they might have met that morning, had he willed it! She could have screamed aloud in her agony. And in another hour Max would be there; and she *must* be composed, and hear and understand all his explanations about her fortune, and make plans, and evade Max Frere's keen and curiously sympathetic observation.

"Mother, my head *is* so bad; I must go and bathe it with eau-de-Cologne. You know I must get it clear for Max this evening. I have no idea as yet, Jimmy, what I have inherited, and I feel all in the dark."

"Ahem! — just so; and I'm told her ladyship's investments were all in foreign stocks, so nobody knows much about them, which is awkward. But you have two good men at your back in Mr. Frere and his son," Jimmy said, as Grace passed out of the room.

A short quarter of an hour in silence and solitude gave Grace a chance of rallying her forces. The fact that all uncertainty was ended, though so miserably,

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gave her a certain amount of courage and composure. Nothing now remained but patient endurance; to fold the robe of concealment with dignity close around the wounded, desolate, but not slaughtered, love which she yet could cherish, because she never doubted the worth of its object.

"Gracie, dear, are you better? Do come in and see Max. Jimmy is just going, too."

Grace rose without answering, gave a touch or two to her hair, saw that her face only looked pale. She had shed no tears, and followed Mab to the sitting-room, where she found Max in the act of placing some papers on the table, and Jimmy taking leave.

"Come again soon," said Grace, giving him her hand. "Remember, I want you more than ever; come to-morrow evening."

"Well, there's no knowing what you may be wanting to do to-morrow, Miss Grace, dear, so don't you wait in, on no account; but I'll call round about seven, anyhow; and I wish you a good evening, Mrs. Frere — good-bye, Miss Mab."

Mab darted to his side, away from Max, with whom she had been talking, and drew Jimmy's head down to her, whispering something eagerly in his ear.

"Ay, to be sure; I will, never you fear —" Jimmy was beginning in audible tones, when a small hand was imperiously pressed against his mouth, and Mab escorted him to the door, in order to exchange some last words on the landing.

"Are you sure you are not too tired for business to-night, Grace?" asked Max, with a sharp look at his cousin, after the door closed on Jimmy Byrne.

"I am far too much interested to feel the fatigue, Max; remember, I am as yet all in the dark. Mother, had not Mab better go to bed, as we are going to talk of business, and it is past nine?"

"I am not a bit sleepy; why may I not hear? I will not say a word."

But the sense of the house was against her; even Mrs. Frere was anxious she should go, and to facilitate matters, accompanied her to her room.

"Grace," said Max, directly they were alone, "let me tell you before my aunt returns that I am afraid she will be awfully disappointed. I say *she* will be, for I see you are in a present condition of doubt, and by no means elated. Do you know, we begin to think that Lady Elton has left little or nothing except her furniture, jewels, and clothes; for the last ten days

we have been looking through her papers, and we find no trace of property, except one small investment. She has left no debts, apparently, and her affairs seem in perfect order — but —" He paused.

"I am very sorry, on my mother's account," returned Grace quietly, "and it seems very strange —"

Here Mrs. Frere re-entered the room, smiling in anticipation of the delightful revelations about to be made of riches far beyond even her "great expectations."

"Now, then, suppose I read the will to you," said Max, as his aunt seated herself in an easy-chair. "It is short and simple enough," and he proceeded to skim rapidly the technical preamble, dwelling with clear enunciation on the absolute and succinct bequests.

After a small legacy to Luigi, another to her maid, an antique ring to Mr. Frere, a cabinet and pair of vases, which he had always admired, to her nephew, Maxwell Frere, as a token of regard, Lady Elton bequeathed the whole of her property, real and personal, to Grace Frere, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Joscelyn Frere.

"That is the gist of the matter," said Max, laying down the paper, "and constitutes you residuary legatee."

"A true friend — a good woman," said Mrs. Frere, a good deal affected, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

Grace, who kept very still and quiet, asked to look at the document, and observed: "It was signed, then, while I was in London last April."

"Yes — about a week before she started with you for Germany."

"And did you know?"

"That I was her executor? Yes, but not that you were her residuary legatee till the day she left."

"And now, dear Max," said Mrs. Frere, beaming out upon them from the temporary eclipse of her handkerchief, "Grace would like to know, at least to have an idea of, the probable amount of property our dear friend has left — what income, for instance."

"I am sorry to say," began Max, as his aunt paused in the effort to put a leading question, "that we can find little or no property of any description. There are two thousand pounds in Indian railway debentures, bought many years ago, so they pay a very good percentage; there is a balance of something over two hundred and fifty at the bankers. There are a lot of things in her rooms that will sell pretty well, some furniture — and there

don't seem to be any debts—but beyond this I don't think there is a farthing."

Mrs. Frere's face had grown more and more dismayed and horror-struck while Max spoke, and now indignation lit up her eyes with unusual fires.

"But, Max, she could not have spent less than a thousand or fifteen hundred a year! Where has all that gone to? It is too soon to get to the bottom of everything, but it is impossible that there is not a large fortune somewhere."

"Just what I thought," returned Max kindly. "But I am afraid I can partly explain the reason. It seems from what Messrs. Greenwood, her solicitors, tell me, (which is fully corroborated by entries in her cash-book), that some time ago she sunk nearly all her capital in a life annuity. I remember she had been very ill, somewhere in the north of Italy, about that time; but even allowing for this, she must have got rid of a great deal of money somehow. I am exceedingly sorry for Grace's disappointment, my dear aunt, but she cannot count on more than between three and four thousand, taking everything into consideration. It is most extraordinary; my father cannot make it out; he is dreadfully shocked. In short, is inclined to doubt, that having been guilty of such mysterious crimes against the Majesty of Mammon, the deceased was deserving of Christian burial. There may be some explanation in the papers directed to you specially, Grace."

"It is too cruel and wicked," cried Mrs. Frere, her delicate cheek flushing. "There has been some frightful conspiracy to defraud my dear Grace. Depend upon it, those horrid solicitors have juggled away a quantity of money. I feel convinced they have. No one else had anything to do with it, and it is your duty, Max, both as executor and nearest of kin, to unmask their villainy and recover my poor, plundered child's property."

Max looked at her half amused, half in pity, slightly elevating his eyebrows.

"I am not surprised that you are vexed," he said, "but I think you will find that no one is to blame except Lady Elton herself."

"Who had certainly a right to do what she liked with her own," said Grace, who had listened in singular silence, considering that it was her own fortune that was under discussion. "I do not know why, but I never anticipated riches from this bequest. What do these two thousand pounds yield, Max—I mean, what income?"

"They pay six per cent."

"To think," resumed Mrs. Frere, carried quite out of her ordinary quiet and soft composure, "of being dragged away from our happy, comfortable home in Germany for a miserable trifle like this! deluded with hopes too bright to last! It is our fate, I suppose; poverty and obscurity seem to be our lot—and I can bear it, if it is the will of heaven. But not to see the man who ought to be her friend and champion, sitting down tamely, to let Grace be robbed by unprincipled wretches without striking a blow in her defence! And what a disappointment to my poor Randal, who has not yet received my joyful letter!"

"Gad! you all seem to appropriate Grace's fortune so completely," cried Max, a little impatiently, "that I do not wonder at her indifference in the matter."

"It is theirs as much as mine, Max, and I am not indifferent, only I feel ill and tired; I think I have caught cold—my chest pains me."

"What will they say in Zittau?" continued Mrs. Frere. "They will think us all impostors. Why, we are very little better off than we were. It is too cruel, after all my hopes."

The poor lady burst into real tears, and sobbed aloud.

"Dear mother," said Grace, coming to her side, gently, lovingly, yet with a certain listlessness which struck Max as a new and strange characteristic in her manner, "I cannot bear to see you so grieved. Had we not imagined great wealth, how delighted we should have been with what really is ours; it is an important addition to our income, and besides there will be much that is useful—and—do try to look at the best side."

"Best!" cried poor Mrs. Frere, "there is no best! but I am not fit company for two such philosophers as you and your cousin. I am only fit to be by myself," rising, "so good-night, Max, and remember, I solemnly charge you to defend the cause of the fatherless against the machinations of villains," with which tremendous peroration Mrs. Frere hastily left the room.

"My poor, dear mother," said Grace, looking after her; "it is more than she can bear! I hope, Max, you do not mind anything she has said in the bitterness of her disappointment?"

"Not I; not the very least. I am deucedly sorry myself; but, Grace, I am much more concerned at your unconcern

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than anything else. I am afraid you are very unwell, or something has happened —”

“Oh, no!” she returned, with a smile, which sent a curious thrill of pain through her self-possessed, worldly cousin; “I think I have a bad cold. I shall keep in bed to-morrow. I suppose I need not see any one. You can do everything without me? and after, we must leave this hotel, Max, it is too costly, you know,” her pale face flushing crimson and then growing white again. “I have debts, too, of my own to pay.”

“Do not think of that—at least, do what will make you most content; above all, look on me as your friend, trust me, believe in me.”

“I think you are very good to me, but I really do not feel as if I could speak or understand any more! The day after to-morrow, if you can spare time, let us talk over everything. Good-night, Max.”

“Good-night.”

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

THE cold of which Grace complained was sufficiently bad next morning to entitle her to a mustard plaster, and the privacy of her bedroom. Consequently, when Max, who felt dimly uneasy about his cousin, called to inquire for her on his way to the City, he could not see any of the party. “Miss Frere” was reported to be “very unwell, and Mrs. Frere was with her.”

The long spell of quiet and silence thus secured was invaluable to Grace. In the semi-darkness of her own chamber she made her moan to herself; she gazed long and fondly on the dead form of love and joy, shown to her a moment, and then snatched away probably forever; her aching grief sweetened, even while it was rendered more poignant, by the consciousness that *he*, too, was suffering—that perhaps some barrier other than his will existed between them, and that, therefore, he had sought safety in flight.

Had it indeed been the inequality of their fortunes which had frightened Maurice away? How cruel to think that a natural mistake might have lost her what no wealth could purchase; and even now the winds and waves were wafting him further and further, and she must stay still and let all go—all, and so with many a wreath of tender memory, with loving tears of fondest regret, with the incense of loyalist faith, she buried her dead love deep in the innermost vault of her heart, gently but firmly closing the door upon it,

and turning resolutely, patiently to face the living world.

Jimmy Byrne was dreadfully distressed to find his “darlin’ young lady” so unwell. But Grace, eager to be up and doing, with an energy slightly feverish, rose and dressed to receive him. Mrs. Frere was still in a state of the highest indignation against some person or persons unknown, who had with malice prepense conspired to defraud her child; nor did she hold Max unblamed—there had been culpable neglect somewhere, but they would never find it out. The widow and the fatherless were at the mercy of unprincipled worldlings.

“Would to heaven, my dear Mr. Byrne, that we had been in the hands of really respectable people—*your* firm, for instance. There is no knowing what havoc those Greenwoods (who appear to be inferior persons) have made with poor, dear Lady Elton’s property. Is it not too bad?”

“Faith, it is so, Mrs. Frere, ma’am; but I must say, there always was whispers—reports, in a manner of speaking, about her ladyship’s investments. No one ever knew where her money was—indeed, Mr. Gregg said to me, not long after she came back from Italy, when Mr. Frere had to sign some document connected with a transfer of stock, or some such thing, ‘Mark my words, Byrne,’ says he, ‘she’s making ducks and drakes of her money, as Mr. Maxwell will find out.’ To be sure, when she lived in such good style, yet never extravagant, people began to think she had a power of money.”

“I consider it cruel, absolutely cruel, not to have explained matters to Grace—to let us imagine we were wealthy, and then to hurl one into poverty again.”

“And no doubt Lady Elton would have told me, but she was snatched from us so soon,” said Grace gently. “Indeed, mother, we ought to be very thankful to have as much as Max says remains. He told us last night, Jimmy, that there were two thousand pounds in Indian railways, and two hundred and fifty pounds in the bank. Then all the beautiful furniture and things, and some jewels—why, a month ago we would have thought this riches.”

“True, for you, Miss Grace, dear; one thing with another, you may set the sum total at, maybe, four thousand pounds, besides picking out enough furniture to set up a pretty little house of your own, if you like.”

“That would be very nice,” said Grace thoughtfully.

"As to me," observed Mrs. Frere, "I cannot forget my hopes and expectations as readily as Grace; youth is naturally volatile, but when I think of the disappointment to my dear Randal, to whom I wrote in the first flush of my hopes, I cannot help feeling bitterly."

The conversation then fell to Grace and Jimmy Byrne's share, and turned, as it generally did, on domestic and financial arrangements.

"Let me see the letter," said Grace to her mother, when Jimmy had left them, for Mrs. Frere had been too full of her grievances to do more than glance through Balfour's epistle and lay it aside. She handed it to her daughter, and Grace opened it with an indescribable thrill of sad pleasure, which the sight of lines so lately traced by the hand she might never touch again naturally aroused. The letter was short, and somewhat constrained. On reaching London he found that his friend Darnell was anxious to be off as soon as possible, but till the day before, they were not sure they could start on the first. He thanked Mrs. Frere for the happiest days he had ever spent, and said he would write on reaching Melbourne. Finally, he sent his best wishes to Grace, and earnestly hoped her good fortune would bring her all the happiness she so well deserved. Something had been written after and scratched out, and Grace strove to decipher it till her eyes ached; she could only make out, or thought she made out, the word "tell." Then came love to Mab, and the conclusion.

A strain of sadness seemed to pervade the whole letter, though Grace could hardly have pointed out any positive indication.

And this, then, was the last link of the chain that had been so rudely snapped. Mrs. Frere did not seem to remember the letter, or the writer, so Grace slipped it into her pocket to place it among the few treasures she possessed, while her mother was saying,—

"Do not be in too great a hurry, dear, to write to Dalbersdorf; let us understand matters a little first, and then make the best of it. I must say, I am thankful Cousin Alvsleben is not here to cross-examine us as to the amount of your inheritance; it is dreadfully mortifying to be obliged to confess such a falling off. We must really make the best of it."

"That troubles me very little. And, dearest mother, when everything is settled, you will find that we shall be quite comfortably off, and much easier than we

were, so do pray cheer up. It makes me miserable to see your face."

Perhaps the highest tribute to the influence of his late sister-in-law was paid by Mr. Frere, when he spared a quarter of an hour of his valuable time to make a morning, or, rather, afternoon call upon his relatives, the third day after their arrival, on his way home from the City. Mrs. Frere and Mab were out on an expedition to find apartments, and Grace received him alone.

She felt inwardly amused at the calm indifference with which she took his visit, comparing it with her condition of mind on their first interview, when he was the all-powerful father of Max. Now she felt pleasantly grateful to him for the timely help he had afforded them, but perfectly at ease. The absolute money value bequeathed by her friend might be small, but she felt that the status conferred upon her by being constituted Lady Elton's sole legatee was considerable.

Grace was writing to Randal, explaining the state of affairs they had found on reaching London, when "Mr. Frere" was solemnly announced, and expecting Max, she was a good deal surprised to see the cold, strong features and stiff figure of her uncle.

"Uncle Frere," she exclaimed, rising to meet him, the color coming into her pale cheek, "I am very glad to see you."

"You are welcome back to England," he said, with a polite smile. "I regret to hear you are indisposed," and he took the chair she offered.

After the exchange of some common-places, he broached the subject uppermost in his thoughts, and spoke in a tone of stern indignation of the mysterious manner in which Lady Elton's fortune had disappeared, hinting at the painful surmises to which it gave rise, and lamenting it chiefly on his niece's account.

"Do not trouble about me," said Grace. "You know what an important addition the little she has left will be to us. I have no feeling save the warmest gratitude to dear Lady Elton for her kind thought of me, and for thus lifting us above the extreme pressure of too limited an income—to say nothing of the joy of paying my just debts, and amongst them, dear uncle, I reckon what you so kindly and generously gave my mother, without which she could not have joined me in Germany. I have always wished to thank you for it."

And she held out her hand to him with her usual frank impulsiveness. Mr.

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Frere was a good deal put out by so unconventional a proceeding; nevertheless, he took the fair, soft hand not unkindly.

"You are a young lady of unusually correct principles, I perceive," he said, a little less coldly than usual. "I do not, however, wish for repayment of what was a free gift. I always intended to assist my brother's widow, so do not mention that matter again, if you please. In arranging your affairs and future system of life, both Max and myself will be most happy to give you every assistance."

"I am greatly obliged, and must not, then, contradict you. But, uncle, Max tells me there is a packet of papers to be opened by me only; this may throw some light on poor Lady Elton's past history. Max promised to bring it this evening."

"I shall be glad to know what you gather from its contents; and now I must bid you good-morning. If your cold permits, perhaps you and Mrs. Frere will do me the pleasure of dining at my house to-morrow?"

"Thank you; I have no doubt I shall be much better."

Mr. Frere bowed himself out with his usual stiff politeness, and Grace, after a few minutes' thought, returned to her letter.

"Dear me!—so Richard Frere absolutely condescended to call?" cried the mother, as she sat down and received Grace's report of the visit. "I suppose, if you had inherited all Lady Elton's money, your uncle would have paid his respects every day. The adoration of Mammon in some people is amazing."

"Uncle Frere helped us very much, mother, we must allow."

"Yes, he did—he did, indeed!" returned Mrs. Frere, smiling. "I am, perhaps, too sensitive. The men whose society I have been accustomed to were so high-minded, so superior to the influence of filthy lucre, that I am probably spoiled for others. I cannot say I care for going to dine with Richard Frere. I am sure I remember our last, our only dinner there with unspeakable horror! Never shall I forget the cruel way he spoke to my dear boy; and, indeed, Max was not much better. No, I never can forget it!" and poor Mrs. Frere actually shuddered at the horrible recollection.

"But, mother dear, we really must not take Mab. You know there will be business to talk over, and Mr. Frere would not like it."

"How can we leave her alone? and we have no one to leave with her!"

"I know. But for once, Mab, you will not mind going to bed early; and I dare say, that nice chambermaid you like will give you your tea."

"Oh, I do not want to go!" said Mab scornfully. "I don't want to be sat upon by Uncle Frere; and I know he hates children!"

"You are getting out of childhood now, dear Mab; you are nearly eleven."

The memory of her first dinner at Uncle Frere's was vividly before Grace's mind. All through her second she thought how much more assured was her position—how much calmer her feelings; and yet she would almost willingly have gone back to that day of dread could she have the bright bits in the tessellated pavement of her life to tread over again—she felt so wonderfully older, so strangely hopeless and resigned.

She was, in Uncle Frere's opinion, so far as he could recall his first impressions, immensely improved; while to Max, the slight change in her look and voice and manner—a change so subtle that it entirely escaped her mother—was infinitely interesting and puzzling. He, of course, attributed it to regret for some German lover; and, from whatever motive, he apparently accepted the position of friend and adviser, without betraying a tinge of tenderness or admiration, as if he, too, was anxious to bury the outburst, of which perhaps he was ashamed, in oblivion.

The dinner was less terrible than Mrs. Frere anticipated. While the servants were in the room, the conversation turned chiefly upon Germany, and Mrs. Frere took a fair share in it; nor was Grace dull or silent. Indeed, once interested in any topic, her intellect and fancy quickly woke up, to sparkle on the surface, even when her heart ached.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,  
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below.

Afterwards in the drawing-room the business uppermost in all their minds was fully discussed, while Grace was often obliged to steady her voice by an effort as her first meeting with Lady Elton in that room came back to her mind. Max was most judicious in his advice and suggestions, and without uttering a word of overt sympathy, conveyed to Grace, she knew not how, a sense of comfort and comprehension.

Still she heard in a kind of dream, as if

she had not yet rallied all her mental powers, proposals for getting the landlord to remit the remainder of Lady Elton's lease, which, as rents were rising, he no doubt would; for selling off what furniture and ornaments Grace did not require, by auction, for owing to the late owner's reputation as a connoisseur, high prices might be realized; of possible investments for the proceeds, etc., etc.,—into all of which Mrs. Frere entered with much zest; and when Grace somewhat languidly suggested taking a small house in or near London, both Mr. Frere and Max highly approved. So the evening passed quickly, and the *parti carré* separated well pleased with each other.

Before Grace slept she opened the packet which Max had given her at parting—opened it with a thrill of tenderness and anticipation. Would it solve the mystery of her dear friend's life? No. The parcel contained manuscript sketches of places and people, legends picked up in out-of-the-way corners of France and Germany; and with these a memo addressed to Grace, in which the writer stated that she had collected these scribblings of past idle hours, thinking they might perhaps be of use to Randal, or even to herself, should she ever take up the pen—"which," she added, "you are much more capable of wielding." This message from the grave touched Grace profoundly, and sunk into her mind, to bring forth fruit hereafter.

Removed into modest but comfortable lodgings, and settled *pro tem.*, Mrs. Frere had time to develop intense eagerness for the moment when she could range through the beautiful rooms which now belonged to her daughter, and her conversation was largely interspersed with such interjections and interpolations as: "Grace, that writing-table in Lady Elton's study would do admirably for Randal;" or, "Do you remember, dear, the small sofa that stood near the fireplace? It will suit the sort of room we shall have exactly;" or, "Those squares of Persian carpet will fit any house, and the smaller china ornaments would make the most ordinary villa elegant." In short, Mrs. Frere furnished a score of houses in her mind, by which agreeable occupation the poignancy of her disappointment was considerably blunted.

Then came a delightful episode, when Lady Elton's jewel-case was brought from the bank to be valued and inspected. It was more richly supplied than either Max or Mrs. Frere expected; and the sight of

its sparkling treasures was most consoling to her and exciting to Mab.

Meantime Randal gave no sign. It was now a month since Lady Elton's death, and he had not written. Mrs. Frere, from vague wondering why Randal did not write, grew gradually more and more uneasy, and Grace at last showed her anxiety.

Not even the interesting event of taking possession of Lady Elton's rooms, nor the question of choosing an abode, could still the disquiet which each day increased as morning after morning came and brought no letter.

It was about six weeks after Mrs. Frere and her daughter had returned to London. Grace had begun to chafe a little at the law's delay; so many small preliminaries were to be gone through before they could take steps to settle themselves definitely, and she longed to be in a quiet home, for, in spite of her literary proclivities, she had a true, housewifely taste. The weather had been rather chill and wet for the last week, but this particular morning had risen clear and bright, tempting Grace to rise early and write a long letter to Frieda before her mother and Mab descended to breakfast.

It was little more than seven o'clock when she set forth her writing-things in place of the looking-glass which she removed from her little dressing-table, and she had accomplished the first page of her letter when she heard a tap at the door.

"Is it you, Emma?"

"Yes, m," and the servant of the house entered. "If you please, miss, there's a gentleman down-stairs wants to see you."

"A gentleman at this hour! Who is he?"

"He will not give his name, miss; he says you'll know him well enough when you see him."

A sudden shiver went through her veins, as Grace thought: "Could it be Maurice Balfour, recalled by some strange chance!" but the idea was ridiculous; so without further remarks she followed the girl to the dining-room, where, arrayed in a correct travelling-suit, with the strap of his courier-bag across his chest, and looking very brown, stood Randal.

Of course Grace was startled, yet genuinely glad to see him. What brought him back so unexpectedly?

Well, they had been knocking about Hungary, he said, having come up the Danube to while away the hot season, and enable Sir Alexander to publish

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"Some Thoughts on the Social, Political, and Industrial Condition of Hungary;" for the fellow fancies he is a universal genius. "It was rather slow work, as I spoke neither German nor Hungarian; and it was only in the towns that French was any good. When we got to Pesth, I had a pretty severe touch of low fever; and Sir Alexander spoke rather brutally, hinting at my being a hindrance to his making a searching examination of the Carpathians. So I just told him not to trouble about me; I preferred returning. Then I found he had picked up a seedy German, who was able to murder every European language more or less—English especially—and who gave his valuable services for something like twenty pounds a year and the baronet's old clothes. I wished him joy of the bargain, and as soon as I was strong enough, started off home. So here I am, my darling! I suppose you can get me a room? I told the girl to pay the cab, and take in my traps, for to tell you the truth, I haven't much more than thirteen or fourteen shillings about me; and, by-the-bye, Grace, I must lodge twenty-five pounds to Sir Alexander's credit to-day or to-morrow. I was obliged to ask him for an advance, for you see, what with being ill and one thing or another, I was run aground."

"Very well, Randal," was all Grace could say to this voluble speech, which was rattled out with the most complete self-content, "I will see about a room for you, and let my mother know you are here."

"How goes the mother and Mab?" asked Randal. "As to you, Grace, I can't say you are looking first-rate."

But Grace had gone to rejoice her mother's heart with the news of his arrival, and great was the commotion which ensued. Mrs. Frere, who was but half dressed, impeded her own progress by her excessive haste; and Mab came rushing down, her hair flying about and her boots unbuttoned, fully expecting that Randal had brought home the Sphinx, or at least a mummy.

The day which ensued was disturbed, but on the whole pleasant. Randal was very lively, amusing, and Grace thought improved. It was rather too early to mention plans, beyond their general scheme of taking a house and settling themselves in London, of which Randal highly approved, and mentioned *en passant* that he himself had serious thoughts, now that their circumstances were a little

easier, of studying for the bar. It was a gentleman-like profession; it fitted in well with literary pursuits, and the Marchioness of Uppinham had strongly recommended it. Mrs. Frere was quite enchanted with this suggestion, and Grace let it pass. They had quite an exhilarating little dinner, to which, out of his remaining thirteen shillings, Randal contributed a bottle of champagne with the air of a prince. "The dear fellow was always so generous," as his mother said. He was not so much affected by the sad falling off in Lady Elton's fortune as Mrs. Frere; for, owing to his moving from place to place, he received both her letters on the subject at the same time. So he dismissed the matter by observing that it was a deuced shame of the person or persons unknown, who had robbed Grace.

"Randal," said his sister hesitatingly, with her eyes bent down, when they happened to be a few moments alone, "I ought to warn you that we are obliged to see a great deal of Max Frere. He may come in this evening."

"Indeed!" returned Randal, moving a little uneasily in his chair, and paused an instant. "Well, Grace," he resumed, "as we must meet, why the sooner the better. I am not going to let myself be awkward and uncomfortable on account of an unlucky mistake which after all has cost him nothing; and I fancy he forgives me, for the sake of my pretty sister. Eh, Grace, Max has always been a bit spoons about you."

Grace was too mortified by his callousness to answer or notice the conclusion of his speech. What matter what Randal thought? he was hopelessly dead to all the motives which would spur her on. She foresaw he would be on her hands all the days of his life.

"I am glad it will not cost you too much to meet him; he has been very good and generous," she said coldly.

"For which you have my full permission to reward him," replied Randal, with an uneasy laugh. "Really, Grace, it would not be a bad winding-up to marry Max Frere."

"That is my affair," she said carelessly, and then changed the conversation.

But Max did not come till the following evening. And as Grace thought it better to let the meeting take place unpreparedly, he was somewhat surprised to meet Randal—somewhat, though by no means overwhelmingly. He had always expected that his sister's accession of property and

the prospect of home comfort would "draw" Randal as certainly as the magnet does iron.

Max conducted himself admirably on the occasion; no allusion to topics nearer home than Egypt, the Principalities, and Hungarian politics were touched upon. No irritating sneers, or mocking recommendations were indulged in; indeed, Grace noted that never again did Max address Randal, save in a tone of commonplace politeness, which to her was most expressive of the estimation in which he held him, and for which she was grateful even while it wounded her deeply.

Time, which arranges all things, rolled on with its weighty swiftness; and the Freres gradually settled down to their fresh life, and found all they required. With Jimmy's aid, a pretty little semi-detached villa in the Westbourne district was secured. Need it be said that all the excellent man's legal knowledge was brought to bear on the provisions of the lease, and never was landlord more rigidly bound to favorable terms. The arrangement of this new home was probably the occupation most calculated to interest Grace and draw her out of herself; and next to this, the search for a good school for Mab. For as the business of realizing Lady Elton's estate progressed, it was agreed between her and Max, who naturally became her chief counsellor in larger matters, that for a couple of years she might indulge her great desire to give Mab the advantage of a regular and systematic education. Max made himself both useful and agreeable in an unobtrusive way; never seeming to take much trouble, and never infringing the sort of undemonstrative friendship which had established itself between them from the first.

Max sometimes wondered if she had quite forgotten their stormy interview in Lady Elton's study, scarce more than four months ago, and which now seemed to have gone away so far back in the realms of memory. Better so if she had. For himself, he scarce knew what he wished or wanted. Chiefly perhaps to know what and wherefore the change in his cousin, which he recognized but could not define—a something that had come into her and made her older, gentler, more patient, more indifferent, but more companionable.

For the time Max Frere's ambition slumbered. Perhaps he never had been so quietly happy as during the first seven or eight months which followed Mrs.

Frere's establishment in Osborne Villas. At first, owing to the exigencies of the executorship, he generally dined with his aunt twice a week. This proved too pleasant a habit to be given up, and Grace was surprised, when she thought of it, to find how he had made himself one with them. And yet not two years had elapsed since Max had deserted them in their time of trouble! The recollection of that uncomfortable period no longer called forth indignation, but it was never forgotten. Still, now that she was able to pay Max to the last farthing, she liked him better. That was also a happy day when she returned Jimmy's generous loan which, at the time he made it, was almost a gift. What pleasure she took in inclosing it in a beautiful *porte-monnaie*, painted by her own hands, and wrapped in perfumed paper inscribed with a few loving words!

And so the months sped on, autumn deepened into winter, and winter softened into spring.

In due course a letter from Maurice Balfour reached Mrs. Frere. It was pleasantly and affectionately written. He described a few incidents of his outward voyage, and gave a sketch of his prospects and work. He sent friendly messages to Grace and Mab, ending with a hope, not too eagerly expressed, that Mrs. Frere would write to him. Still Grace fancied there was a restraint—an indescribable suppression in its tone; it disappointed her, and chilled effectually any budding hope that might have sprung up again in her heart.

Mrs. Frere was by no means prompt to reply. She was slightly indolent; she found many pleasing occupations. There was Mab's wardrobe to keep in order, and Mab herself to be escorted to and from school on the monthly holiday, and visited on many other occasions. Nor did the Freres lack a mild measure of suburban society besides that of some former friends of Lady Elton's, who, some from curiosity, some from interest, called upon her young legatee. At last Randal undertook to answer Balfour, as he piqued himself on his skill in letter-writing, and Mrs. Frere added a gracious postscript.

Grace watched long in silent anxiety for a reply, but months rolled on, and none came. Gradually the name she loved ceased to be familiar; other topics and people put him out of Mrs. Frere's head, and save for a chance inquiry in Frieda's letters, Maurice Balfour was rarely mentioned. With her Dalbersdorf

cousins Grace kept up a steady correspondence; even the Frau Baronin Falkenberg wrote occasionally, and seemed completely content; but though polite messages were always sent in his name, the baron himself gave no sign. Before the return of summer Frieda wrote with infinite delight to say that her mother and the count had agreed that her engagement with Otto Sturm should be formally announced, and she earnestly hoped that in due time her beloved Gracechen would visit them when the final ceremony was fixed.

As to Randal, he found much to do. He collected a few law-books, and read a few pages every day. He wrote a good deal, and, no doubt improving by practice, his papers and poems occasionally gained admission into the lighter periodicals. He went out frequently, and renewed many pleasant acquaintances made on his travels; he was even favored with a card to one or two great balls at Uppinham House, where he had the mortification to find that the marchioness was not quite sure of his identity, though exceedingly gracious when he had succeeded in recalling himself to her memory. And Grace was quiet and content; she enjoyed the simple prettiness of her home; she was happy in the improvement of Mab—in the serene satisfaction of her mother—in the exchange of ideas with intelligent people—in the indulgence of drawing with a good master—in going to see a fine play occasionally. But at twenty she felt that the sparkle, the intensity, the glow of her first youth was past; and though her sky was serene and unclouded, its hue was more the soft gray of evening than the vivid opal tints of daybreak.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE shortening days and wintry aspect of the third November since the Freres had left Germany was closing over them, and Grace was settling to her winter routine after the refreshment of a short visit to the seaside with Mab and her mother. Mab had returned to school for her third and last winter, and Randal, whose circle of acquaintance was ever widening, was looking forward to many entertainments, including some private theatricals of which he was the mainstay.

It was a fine, crisp Sunday, and Max Frere had come in to luncheon, as he often did after church. Mrs. Frere had yielded to Mab's request, and taken her to pay a visit to a schoolfellow now emancipated and living in the neighborhood;

and Randal, who was never able to throw off a sort of depression in his cousin's presence, had lit a cigar on leaving the table, and observing that he had to call on some fellows at the other side of the Park, put on his hat and departed. Grace was therefore left to entertain Max. She was so accustomed to his presence, and had grown to like his society so well, that it was without a shadow of embarrassment that she sat down in a comfortable chair, screen in hand, before the fire to have a *tête-à-tête* talk with him.

He too drew a chair beside the chimney, but in the shadow, while the light fell fully on his cousin's profile. There was a short but perfectly unembarrassed silence after Mrs. Frere and Mab were gone, then Max observed,—

"Mab is wonderfully improved in every way."

"Yes, wonderfully; she is quite reasonable and companionable. I look forward with pleasure to having her at home."

"When does she leave school?"

"In July next. I do not think she is at all anxious to come home herself. She is very happy; and then she is with us once a month, as to-day."

"Why don't you leave her another year, till she is fifteen?"

"It is rather expensive, and my mother wishes for her."

Another pause. And then Max, resting his arm against the mantel-shelf, and his head upon it, said with a smile,—

"I am going to make a rude speech."

"Make it," returned Grace carelessly, and looking at the fire.

"What is it that has made you so much older since you returned from Zittau?"

"Older? Yes, I suppose so! Well, I *am* older, Max," turning her eyes full upon him with a grave smile.

"Years do not account for it, Grace; and I have built up a dozen theories on the subject. Don't you think I am deserving of confidence now, after these years of quiet, kindly intercourse? Tell me, what is it that has tamed you, or sobered—I will not say saddened—yoh?"

"I did not think you were so fanciful, Max," she said frankly. "I do not think I am changed beyond the inevitable change that time is always working."

"No; it is no fancy. I have watched you since the morning I met you on your arrival from Germany. You are greatly changed, and the only reason that suggests itself is the old hackneyed source of all a woman's troubles—at least her chief



troubles — that you left your heart with some Saxon. I am awfully curious to know if I am right."

"And if I had," she returned, with much composure, "do you think I should tell you, Max? Do you think you are the sort of person to whom one would confide a tender secret? — you who mock at sentiment, and love, and all that?"

"Then you have one to tell?"

Grace laughed.

"You may form what theories you like, Max. I have no secret to tell."

"I see I am a fool for my pains. I ought to have known that your confidence is not to be forced or surprised. But I feel you are very different from the bright creature that turned my head at Dungar."

"Different! ah yes, how different!"

The words were uttered more to herself than him, and there was a slight quiver of her lip as she spoke them.

"Grace!" exclaimed Max, who had been watching her intently, "do you know I often wish I had never known you?"

"Indeed! Why, Max?" she returned, roused and interested.

"Because you have been the ingredient of my life that will not mix with the rest, which neutralizes and disturbs the natural current of my ambition — of my life."

"How can that be?" asked Grace, turning to him with more eagerness than he had noticed in her for a long time.

"Let me speak to you frankly — I feel impelled to confess myself. That last visit to Dungar! it cost me a good deal. I was desperately hit, Grace. I did not know how hard till you came to London. But I never was a sentimental fellow. I have always thought, and in my sane moments I still think, that love, or whatever the passion may be called, is but the accident of a man's life; it should never influence his career, or interfere with the graver considerations of his marriage. And so I steeled myself against you and avoided you; but you haunted me — the want of you spoiled everything — made me indifferent to other women — took the edge off my life. Then, when the passion you inspired overcame me, there in the office when you came to me in your grief, conquered but not subdued, and you rejected me, I tried to think it was better so — that save for yourself, there was no advantage to me in such a marriage. Still you haunt me; gradually the old ideas and desires are becoming distasteful. I seem to lose my relish for the world, yet the world holds me fast." He paused, and

Grace, who at the beginning of his speech had leaned her cheek upon her hand, remained silent and motionless.

"You might break the spell, Grace — you might give me fresh life. If I had your love, the scale would turn, and I might know the blessedness of content. You see I do not attempt to disguise that I am a selfish, worldly fellow; *but* I love you as I never loved anything else."

He spoke very quietly, and did not attempt to come nearer to her, yet something in his voice touched Grace.

"I am so grieved to hear you say so — so sorry to give you pain," she said hesitatingly. "But I have grown to look upon you so much as a friend and brother, that I do not think I could love you in any other way, Max; still I do like you very much, and I earnestly pray you to let us rest friends."

"Ah, Grace! you have seen the man to whom you will give those loving kisses to make up for what I stole. I have not forgotten your words. Come! for the sake of old days, tell me, are you engaged or entangled with any fellow?"

"I am not indeed, Max; I am perfectly free."

She raised her head, and looked at him with clear, truthful eyes. A light came into Max Frere's.

"Enough," he said; "I will trouble you no more. Let me remain your friend, your nearest kinsman. In time you will need me more and more. Sweetest cousin, you do not deny me all hope?"

He held out his hand, and many thoughts swept over her brain while Grace hesitated. He certainly loved her — he was nice and kind, and far superior to the Max of three years ago; but her heart did not beat a throb quicker, as she put her hand in his, saying, —

"For friendship's sake, think of nothing more; you will yet find a marriage far more suited to your wants and true wishes than with your obscure and poorly dowered cousin."

Max pressed her hand lingeringly, with a long look into her eyes, and then relinquished it without a word.

Grace half expected him to go away, but he only took a turn up and down the room, and then returned to his seat.

"I dined with Darnell last night," he said; next resuming in a different tone, "He was asking about you, and was quite interested to hear of Lady Elton's bequest."

"I am much obliged to him," said Grace. "Is his wife as pretty as ever?"

"Lady Mary is exactly the same as when I first knew her—a complete doll."

"Darnell told me he met Randal the other night at supper at some man's rooms, where they had songs and cards; and I am sorry to tell you Randal played, for I fancy the play was high——"

"Indeed, I am greatly distressed," cried Grace, "I must speak to Randal; and yet I cannot say I heard it from you."

"No. Has he been drawing heavily on you lately?"

"He has not. You know he gets all the money he wants from my mother."

"And you make up her deficiencies, I understand," said Max.

"No, not that. Randal has been very prudent lately."

"He has been winning then," returned Max; "the reverse will come. If this is not put a stop to, he will ruin you, Grace."

"I will do what I can. I did hope he would never touch a card again."

"Then hope told a flattering tale. I wish we could get him out of London. He is getting into a bad set."

"I wish—oh, how I wish we could!" said Grace, clasping her hands. "Ah, Max! whenever I see you together, I always feel humiliated!"

"Do not let such thoughts cross your mind. I have forgotten all about past unpleasantness. Well, I must leave you, Grace; I dare say you are wishing me away. We are close friends, then, for the present, and I suppose I must let the future take care of itself?"

"I think so, Max."

Once more he took her hand, holding it for a moment, and then turned away with a sigh.

When he was quite gone, Grace drew nearer the fire, and sat still and motionless for a long while in the gathering gloom, thinking—thinking. She felt very kindly and tenderly towards Max. She seemed to understand the picture he gave of his own nature; she was heartily sorry she could not love him, and then she thought of Maurice, and her heart went out to him with such boundless trust and tenderness. *He* would have had no hesitation, had he been in Max Frere's place; he would have been unmoved by any small ambitions. But he was gone; probably she would never see him more. He had never answered Randal's letter, written nearly a year and a half ago; and Jimmy rarely had a line—and yet he loved her. Would it be her destiny after all to marry Max Frere? He was per-

severing and resolute, and she was conscious of a certain power in him. For the moment, she felt helpless and depressed; but to-morrow——

"Grace, are you here alone in the dark? I can scarcely see," said Mrs. Frere, coming in from her walk; and Grace came back to the comfortable present.

The following Sunday, Jimmy Byrne, who regularly dined at Osborne Villas on that day, was a little late, and of course full of apologies.

"Who should I meet coming along by Hyde Park Gardens but Mr. Maxwell Frere! He was mighty civil, and made me go in with him to his father's house—a palace, faith! no less. We had a deal of talk. He is a very sensible young man, very; and lord, Mrs. Frere, ma'am, what a man o' business! He was speaking of an investment for that five hundred pounds we couldn't settle about last May."

"What dodge is Max up to?" said Randal, laughing. "It is not every day that one gets a sight of the inside of the Frere mansion."

"Well, Mr. Randal," said Jimmy gravely, "you must allow that your cousin spares neither time nor trouble for Miss Grace."

"What's mine's my own," said Randal, significantly, with a look at his sister.

"I assure you I consider mine my own," said Grace, a little startled by his tone, as hitherto Randal had taken no heed of Max Frere's doings.

"I don't doubt it," returned Randal pleasantly; "still, exchange is no robbery, especially if you get more than you give."

"And indeed," began Jimmy, with a certain awkward energy, "some has to give all. I'm sure I have been quite heart-broken about one of our clerks, a nice, steady young fellow, the son of a widow. He has an elder brother, a civil, well-spoken young man too; but as ill-luck would have it, he got into a wild set, and he has gambled and bedeviled himself—if you'll pardon the word—and what's worse, he ruined his mother and brother. First he won wonderful, and was quite free with his cash; then the luck turned, and I don't know what he did not do to get hold of money. Anyhow, the poor mother had to give up every farthing she had, and now he has taken to drink!"

"What a terrible story!" said Mrs. Frere, while Grace looked at the speaker

in silence, seeking for the reason of his dragging in such a *conte* without sufficient provocation. Surely Max had been warning Jimmy of Randal's fresh departure on the downward way. And Randal returned carelessly, —

"He was a fool to give up so soon! Luck turns and turns, and the next turn might have brought him a golden harvest."

"Not it, Mr. Randal. Mark my words, sir! It's nothing but misery, and shame, and ruin, to yourself and all belonging to you, that play brings! Don't you ever give in to it. It's a disgrace to an honest man. Barring a hand at whist for the love of the game, have nothing to do with cards for the love of —"

"What the deuce are you talking about?" cried Randal angrily. "Do you think you are haranguing this gambling friend of yours, or do you fancy I am losing vast sums nightly?"

"God forbid!" ejaculated Jimmy, wisely replying to the latter part of the speech; "I think better of you than that, Mr. Randal, knowing as you do that's it's playing with your mother's and sister's hearts you'd be."

"Then what are you preachifying for? I wish you would not take such liberties."

"Randal," returned Grace, "Jimmy Byrne could hardly take liberties here; and whatever may move him to speak, I am certain the motive is sound and kind."

"By George! I think you are both out of your minds," said Randal, with lofty disdain, yet with a look of extreme annoyance.

"I am sure Randal has a perfect horror of play," observed Mrs. Frere blandly. "Of course when he first came to London it was different; now he has more experience — and — Is there anything new in the papers, Mr. Byrne?" with a desperate effort to change the subject.

"Well, no, ma'am; it's a dead time. I see Parliament is prorogued till the 5th of February; but I see there's a trial coming on between the directors of the Wilcannia and Macquarie Railway and the contractors."

"That is Maurice Balfour's line, is it not?" asked Grace.

"It is, Miss Grace dear; and I was asking about it yesterday. It seems the inspecting engineer has complained about a bridge, and says it won't stand the traffic, and the contractors say it will; and the directors want it built over again, and so on."

"I hope Balfour did not build it," said Randal, who was beginning to recover himself.

"It will be a heavy expense to all concerned," said Jimmy. "These railway disputes are making quite a practice of their own. It would not be a bad line for you to take, Mr. Randal, if you do go to the bar; the precedents are fewer and fresher."

"Not I! I'll have nothing to do with these navy fellows, who haven't shaken the yellow clay off their 'high-low' boots yet," returned Randal, still crossly.

"There's mighty pretty pickings to be made of them for all that, Mr. Randal."

"When is the trial to come off?" asked Grace, interested in everything that in the remotest way touched her dear old playfellow.

"Next week, I think. It was postponed for witnesses or something of that kind."

"I trust nothing will come out of it to injure Maurice," said Mrs. Frere.

"I don't think there will," returned Jimmy. "It's a long time since I had a letter from him. Maybe I shall have one to-morrow, for the Australian mail is due."

The conversation then turned to other subjects, and it was not till just before his departure that Grace had a moment's private talk with Jimmy.

"Max has been telling you something, Jimmy?"

"Faith he has, me dear young lady, and it's grieved I am to hear it."

"What can I do, Jimmy?"

"I don't know; only get him out of London."

"There are gamblers elsewhere."

"Ay, but it takes some time to find them."

And then they exchanged good-nights.

"It is such a beautiful afternoon, Grace," said Mrs. Frere, the day but one after this conversation; "I wish you would come out with me, and walk in Kensington Gardens. Then I want to call on poor old Mrs. Newenham. I have not been near her for a week."

"Very well, dear," returned Grace, cheerfully putting away her drawing. "But I suppose I need not go in with you to Mrs. Newenham's?"

"Not if you do not like," said Mrs. Frere, leaving the room to put on her walking-dress.

The lady in question was a decayed gentlewoman of high birth and Irish ex-

traction, who had adopted brevet rank. She was an object of much commiseration and kindly attention from Mrs. Frere; but she was profoundly evangelical, and bent on converting Grace from the error of her ways—a fact which made that young lady a little averse from frequent visits.

On the present occasion, after leaving her mother to mount to the "third pair front" occupied by the descendant of the "ould ancient kings of Connaught," Grace proceeded homewards, thinking, rather uncomfortably, of Randal's fresh outbreak, and meditating how she could best approach the subject without betraying Max. Deep in these reflections, she turned into the neat road, bordered by pretty villas and well-kept gardens, in which their own was one of the prettiest. It was, as usual in the afternoon, somewhat deserted, the male portion of the inhabitants being away at their respective offices, and the ladies out shopping.

Away in the distance, near her own dwelling, was a solitary figure coming towards her; and without breaking the chain of her thoughts, she watched its approach with a vague but increasing recognition which made her heart throb and her eyes grow dim. The figure was that of a gentleman of middle height, broad-shouldered, with a firm, deliberate step; then a bronzed, strong-featured face grew clearer to her anxious gaze, and next a pair of large, soft-brown eyes, all aglow with irrepressible delight as their owner sprang forward to meet her, and her hand was clasped by Balfour.

"Grace!"—"Maurice!" was all they could utter: the joy and astonishment sending the blood back to her heart, and leaving her cheek so pale that Maurice thought she would faint.

"Oh, Maurice! Where—how—what has brought you back?"

"I have come to give evidence in this dispute between Darnell's firm and the company. I arrived yesterday. I saw Jimmy Byrne this morning. He told me—what gave me courage to come and see you. But you were out."

They had turned as he spoke, and walked towards the house, almost in silence, with hearts too full for words.

"My mother will soon return. You will stay and see her?" said Grace, as he followed her into the comfortable, graceful drawing-room; and she stood near the fireplace, in a slant of evening light from the west window, which touched her

brown hair with gold and threw the outlines of her rich, rounded figure into strong relief.

"Stay!" repeated Balfour, carried away by the joy of this reunion. "Ah, Grace!—how shall I ever leave you again? I have borne a living death since we parted!"

"And I too!" said Grace, low but distinct—her sweet, frank eyes beaming forth to his with all the love and truth she had stored up for him.

With an indistinct exclamation of delight, Balfour caught her hands, raising them to his neck, and clasping his arms round her, he held her to him in a long, rapturous embrace—heart throbbing against heart, lips clinging to lips, with the sudden fervor which swept away all restraint and all reserve.

"My love!—my life!" said Balfour, as she gently extricated herself from him. "I did not think I should have lost the reins of my self-control so completely; but since I heard from Jimmy Byrne that you were neither married nor engaged to Max Frere, I have been dizzy with hope and doubt."

"Max Frere! What made you imagine such a thing?"

"Randal: his letter all but declared it. He said—but you shall see what he said; and I dreaded such an ending to our early friendship too much not to believe it. And now, what have I to offer you, my darling? My lot is, as yet, but a poor one."

And Grace, passing her arm through his—in the delicious familiarity with which old friendship tempers the startling warmth of love—whispered,—

"You have yourself—I want no more!"

"LONDON, February—th.

"My last letter from England must be to you, dearest Frieda. I have left yours so long unanswered because I waited for time to say all my last words. Now everything is in readiness, and to-morrow we sail for the antipodes.

"I can imagine Cousin Alvsleben's horror of such an uprooting. I should have once thought the same myself, but I carry my all with me, and anticipate only what is bright and good.

"You who know my dear mother's timid nature will understand how she shrank from the suggestion of such an exile; and Randal, too, strongly objected to be torn from civilized society. But I could *not* leave them, nor could Maurice part with me; so he overcame all difficul-

ties, and I trust and believe that he is guiding us well. His prospects as regards his profession are good, and he has invested his small patrimony in the colony, so Australia must be our home. Nor do I doubt that my dear friend and husband has a most useful, if not prominent, career before him. His peculiarly calm, unselfish disposition gives him an unusual breadth of view and soundness of judgment that cannot fail to give his opinion weight with his employers and fellow-workmen. There, in the large plenty and roomy surroundings of a new country, a few inmates more or less do not create the difficulties and petty annoyance which make them dreaded in our narrower homes. And Maurice loves my mother and Mab for their own sakes. He rejoices in the thought of having dear familiar faces round our hearth.

"Randal talks of studying for the bar in Melbourne, and also of writing a history of the colony. He will certainly be better there than in London.

"I was sorry, dearest Frieda, that I could not be at your wedding, nor you at mine; but it was well that yours was sufficiently in advance to permit Uncle Costello to be with us. How curious that both our times of trial should end together! I can well imagine your happiness, for I measure it by my own. My kind love to the dear professor, and all fond wishes for your prosperity.

"The count was looking remarkably well, and, I think, enjoyed his visit; but oh, how hard it was to bid him good-bye! He will have told you all the details of our very quiet wedding. Afterwards we made a pilgrimage to take a last look at Dungan. January is an unpromising month for such an expedition; but even winter is kindly on that southwestern coast, and we were fortunate in the weather. The dear old place looked gray and sad. I could not have borne to look at it alone, but with Maurice beside me, it was different. Together we lingered in every well-known spot, drawn nearer to each other by each freshly awakened memory, and giving many a tender thought to the dear ones we have both lost. Then we turned away, content to bid it farewell—content to face our new life together—the past and present of both blended in this sweetest, closest tie of love and friendship.

"I wish I could see you all in pleasant Dalbersdorf once more; but I will one day. We are young and strong, and a voyage to Europe will be nothing a few

years hence, and then we shall see you again.

"But dear Uncle Costello! it cost me bitter tears to part with him, for it may be forever. Yet there is another parting before me to-morrow that I dread even more. You have heard me speak of Jimmy Byrne, our faithful, loving friend! He has all a woman's tender sympathy and delicate tact under a quaint, unattractive exterior; and what he was to me in the first desolation of our stay in London, no words of mine can convey. Your grandfather has a kindly family circle, who value and cherish him, but poor Jimmy has no one to replace us—*me*, I may say. Yet, I must leave him; and he is so good, so utterly devoid of self that he seems only to rejoice in my happiness! All I can do is to be the best of correspondents, and try my best to lighten his loneliness. One other person I regret, to my own surprise, much more than I anticipated, and that is my cousin Max. My time, however, is nearly exhausted, and I must end. Adieu, dear, kind Frieda. Often in our fireside talk we will live over again our happy days in Saxony, and ever hold in our hearts the warmest recollection of you and yours. I sent letters yesterday to Gertrud and my uncle. My mother and Mab—who is grown out of all memory—inclose each a farewell word. Thus ends this first chapter of my life.

"Maurice desires his warmest good wishes. Do not fail to write; and so, good-bye—a lingering, fond good-bye.

"From yours,

"GRACE BALFOUR.

"FRAU PROFESSOR STURM,

"Leipzig."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### RUSSIA AND THE REVOLUTION.

THE one great fact which a Western traveller has to learn in Russia is the inconceivability of a popular revolution. We who are familiar with Western political life, and derive our notions of dangerous discontent from French or even from German or Italian precedents, must forget all these things if we would understand Russia. These populations with which we are familiar are made up of men who have a political history behind them. The French peasant, conservative or revolutionary, has inherited traditions which extend from the civilized Gauls, whom



Cæsar organized into a Roman society, through the Frankish invaders, and the empire of Charlemagne, and the Bourbons, down to the great Revolution. The German socialist is a man of theories, which generations of philosophical professors and students have worked out for him. His ancestors had to deal, as best they could, with feudal castles, and the first corporate towns, and prince-bishops, and trade guilds; and however ignorant he may be, he cannot have helped hearing something of the Reformation times, and of all the frantic attempts to make the Reich a political reality, down to the Napoleonic wars and the troubles of 1848. The Italian of to-day may be a beggar or a bandit, but at any rate he has great memories of Rome — republican, imperial, and papal; of Florence, with its polity and its culture; of Venice and the merchant oligarchy, and the struggle with the later Austrian tyrannies. Such things are the *pabulum* of agitation. All these men are possible revolutionaries, because they have a political past and can imagine a political future. Ideas are no new thing. Their fathers made and unmade polities, and why not they also?

But of all this there is no trace in Russia. What we sum up glibly under that name is a mass of eighty millions of men, not only destitute of ideas, but incapable of seeking them; who live on monotonously in a simple-minded acceptance of things as they are; orthodox in religion, without any thought of inquiry; docile to any master, and long-suffering under great privation; and, above all, worshipping the czar with a blind and passionate devotion as a power second only to the providence of God.

The full meaning and outcome of such a difference is not easily comprehended, until one has seen the people themselves and lived among them; and as the average tourist has not time to penetrate into Russia, we suffer from a chronic misunderstanding. Even Irish politics are little enough understood in England, where every one reads the newspaper outrages, and very few ever visit the country or attempt to make any intimate acquaintance with its peculiar people. By a similar law, from Russia we hear only the terrible rumors from time to time of plots and assassinations and deportations wholesale to Siberia; and we are naturally horrified and set a-thinking what an awful country that must be to live in, and how certainly some great catastrophe is drawing on. Whereupon, for more abun-

dant caution, we write to our broker and direct him to sell our Russian bonds while there is yet time. All this is pure misunderstanding. It would be, in truth, as reasonable to expect a bloody revolution in England, because of the attempted outrages at Salford and the Mansion House, as it is to despair of the State in Russia because the czar was murdered. And the reason is in both cases plain. It is because, granting the existence of ugly and even dangerous social elements which may and will do much incidental mischief, there remains, nevertheless, on the side of political stability, an aggregate of forces so enormous that by nothing short of a miracle could these sporadic conspirators succeed in achieving a real revolution.

It was with such reflections that the writer stood one evening in October on the quays of the Basili Ostrov and saw the sun, as it came out before its setting on a rainy day, light up first the gilt needle-spire of the Fortress Church, and then across the Neva the red mass of the Winter Palace and the long line of the Admiralty, and at last the flashing dome of the Isaac Cathedral. Presently, upon the background of dark cloud to the east, stood out a perfect rainbow, and rested with one foot on the fortress, where the last batch of Nihilists had just been locked away, and with the other upon the palace roofs, where the imperial flag was floating.

The friends with whom I was living were Russians, chiefly of the court party, and I found them for the most part not at all disinclined to discuss politics as among friends. My own presuppositions were distinctly against the government, and I did not hesitate to say so, and to cross-examine them accordingly; but with the friendly good nature of the Slav, they disclaimed the least offence, and did their best to teach me the error of my ways. How far they succeeded, I cannot judge; but I will ask leave to set down the substance of their teaching for the benefit of such as have not yet gone to seek it at the fountain head.

And first, let me indicate the character and situation of my chief instructors. I shall select four, whom I shall call for convenience Feodor, Magnus, Olga, and Michael. Feodor was a pure Russian, and an excellent fellow throughout. He was the aide-de-camp and devoted attendant of one of the grand dukes. I met him in the country, where he was living in a quaint little box by the sea with his young wife and a small family, amusing himself

by hunting and shooting the country round. He was a small-made, active man, eager and impulsive in his manner, and with a certain air of *camaraderie* which became him well. Magnus was in almost everything the exact opposite. He was a count who had gone in for iron-mining and manufactures, and had become a wealthy man. He was rather a grand person both in presence and manner, and spoke slowly, like a responsible man who weighed his words. He looked somewhat cold and distant, and was sometimes *brusque*; but in reality was a thoroughly good-hearted and most friendly man. He had travelled a good deal and read little; but trusted chiefly to a shrewd, business-like intelligence, which served him well. When I visited him, he was at Petersburg for a visit of some weeks, on business with certain of the ministers. Olga was his wife. To describe her is not easy; for she was a woman impossible anywhere except in Russia. She was a great Siberian heiress, and rumor described her father and her brothers as very erratic people. She was nearly forty, but retained, nevertheless, a certain curious and youthful beauty, of a dark, almost gipsy type. Her face betrayed a good deal both of daring and of passion, yet she was very simple and good, and even childlike in her way of life, capable of most unwearying kindness, and in her own way almost as *dévôté* as a Parisian. Her husband treated her with an elephantine tenderness that was sometimes quite touching; and she on her side believed in him with all her might. The Graf Michael was, again, a very different person. He was a native of Esthland, where he held an immense property. By blood he was partly Swedish, and by culture chiefly German. He had been a student at the University of Dorpat, had diligently studied political economy and *Land-wirtschaft*, and had been called away almost before his course was ended to manage the family estates, which he found in utter confusion. For twenty years he had patiently toiled at the problem, making mistakes, of course, but in the main working out the ideas he had imbibed from his professors; and the results of his labor were now beginning to be visible.

Such being my chief instructors, it may be supposed that I would hear chiefly the courtly side of the matter; and I suppose it was so. But from their account of Russian life, compared with much other information which I was able to derive

from various sources, I believe myself to have carried away a very fair idea of certain general facts. And the foremost of these seemed beyond all doubt to be the breadth and depth of unthinking Russian loyalism. Everything went to show how deep-rooted was the devotion of all men, peasant and noble alike, to the chief of Church and State. The least kind of disrespect or even of levity in any matter relating to the czar will put any country lad in a passion. An innocent purchaser was once torn to pieces at a photograph-stall in Moscow, because some of the country folk saw him tear by accident a picture of the czar and took it into their heads that he meant it as an insult. It is perfectly true that they are very ready to grumble—what peasantry is not? But the grievances are always laid at the door of the nearest master or official, and the fixed idea remains that if only the father of his people knew the truth about all this, he would set it right. Bakounin, perhaps the ablest man of the revolutionary section, had some hope at first of rousing the agricultural masses; but he found it hopeless. Familiar as the Russian peasant is with the simple and primitive communism of the *mir*, he is not excited to subversive courses by the mere idea of abolishing personal property in favor of socialist arrangements. Therefore, Bakounin failed; and every preacher of revolution must for generations to come fail also in the rural parts of Russia. Local and particular discontents are easily allayed. A scapegoat, or a vigorous colonel of the line, will always settle such questions. As for anything more widespread, it is almost incredible that agitations should ever communicate themselves from one district to another with any volume or rapidity. Revolution on a great scale is more difficult anywhere than it used to be, for the *prima facie* possession of administrative machinery gives incalculable odds in favor of the government. But in Russia, with its immense distances and its inert and helpless population, a dangerous rising is impossible.

One asks, naturally, "What then is the meaning of Nihilism? How is it possible that in the midst of a profoundly loyal people there can yet exist a vast conspiracy ramifying through all ranks of society, and ready and able to go to the most terrible lengths in order to protest against this very autocracy of the czar?" My friends' answers were characteristic. The prosperous Magnus treated all Nihilists with infinite contempt. "They are the

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disappointed men," said he, "who were too impracticable or too unsteady to do anything for themselves and therefore became pessimists and wanted to re-arrange society." My aide-de-camp, on the other hand, explained that it was education that did the mischief. "Every sharp-witted boy or girl who goes to even a primary school, and gets on a little faster than the rest, begins to take an interest in the new ideas. They have notions about science and philosophy; and by-and-by, at sixteen or so, they leave their homes and cut themselves adrift from our effete conventionalities in search of the ideal life."

Both theories, no doubt, were in a way correct. Nihilism in Russia is an explosive compound, generated by the contact of the Slav character with Western ideas. It was only in the last reign that the university system of Russia developed into any importance. It was then forced into an artificial activity, under the tutelage of second-rate Western professors, mostly young, crude, and very advanced, as was inevitable where technical sciences were so strongly encouraged and speculative studies disapproved. The independent tendencies of Russian women came out strongly. There are one thousand of them now engaged in the higher studies at St. Petersburg, of whom two-thirds are of good birth. The result was that the Slavonic youth, hitherto densely ignorant, and contented in an artificial system of society and religion, was blinded by a blaze of effective theories, wherein everything they had been taught to believe in was brilliantly explained to be an antiquated absurdity. But the Slavonic youth is as impulsive when excited as it is docile in its normal state. The new ideas seemed to open up a limitless future of general reconstruction. Yet at the same time all the surrounding circumstances appeared absolutely hopeless. Not only was the official corruption and maladministration open and confessed on all hands, and seemingly so rooted in high places that no method short of the most drastic could affect it, but at the same time all free speech and all speculative inquiries were as far as possible repressed, and personal liberty was daily and hourly at the mercy of the police. Centres of crystallization were formed by individual discontents, arising often, no doubt, out of the disappointed ambition of men who had been half trained and now found no suitable career, but chiefly out of the arbitrary injustice constantly done to men either too honest to bribe, or too independent to

bow at the proper time. In the absence of all possible religion—for the Russian orthodoxy is too entirely formal to leave the faintest traces in the mind of the apostate, and the new creed contained no terms that even tended to supply the void—these men made themselves a religion of their despair. In a kind of blending of the fashionable modern pessimism with the Comtist enthusiasm for humanity, they held themselves ready to sacrifice a valueless life for the bringing to pass of the kingdom of man. Like the maniacs of the French Terror, they were too keenly alive to existing evils to see any road out of them except by wholesale demolition. A breach with the national past had no terrors to them, for they had broken with it already. Crime was not repulsive, for the landmarks of good and evil had been swept away.

Under a despotism, all dissent is a secret society. The young men and maidens, under their more experienced and more embittered chiefs, easily formed their rings and started their system of meetings and intercommunication. As has been said, a very large proportion of the conspirators were at least half-educated: the leaven ran like wildfire through the government technical colleges, and half the best engineers and chemists in St. Petersburg were bitten by the new disease. Nor were funds wanting. Many of the proselytes were both rich and noble, and their wealth, and, what was more valuable, their official positions or connections, and their access to the palace, became so many weapons in the hands of the Committee of Three. It was often probably a not ignoble weariness of the barbaric and immoral luxury which corrodes so much of the *noblesse*, that led men and women of high position and relatively great attainments either directly to join or quietly to sympathize with the organization. The universal corruption in all ranks of the public service was another opportunity. Even in the most vital matters the government was badly served, and the resultant distrust produced a ruinous paralysis. Members of the dreaded league were to be found in every public office, and it is said that the police agents who hunted the assassin were often his accomplices. The assistance of the car-men being essential, some of them were taken in; but this was not a very reliable method. It was better to send trusted agents into the streets as *isvostchiks*, and it is within my own knowledge that a Russian gentleman of

independent means (now living in Germany) has served for three years at the command of the association as a common droschke-driver in the streets of St. Petersburg. So long as such men are connected with the conspiracy, it will be very safe from the police.

But, as might be expected, the objects of this dangerous association are far from definite. Many of those in Russia who would in England be called moderate Liberals, will not hesitate to say, in safe company, that they sympathize to a large extent with the purposes of the Nihilist society. Their meaning is that they believe the Nihilists to aim primarily at the abolition of official corruption and the establishment of free criticism under a constitution. There is no doubt that these are the proximate aims of the more statesmanlike party—for there are many parties—among the revolutionists: and it is said by some that if these were conceded, they would be willing to hold their hands and allow the government a respite until the working of the constitution could be tested in practice. It is probable that if they did not adopt such a course, the society would lose a large amount of the support it now receives. But he would be a very optimistic prophet who would venture to say that even such reforms, however honestly carried through, would extinguish the Russian revolutionary party. Many, if not most, of the leading spirits have visions of a very different state of things, and are prepared to go on at all risks, till that is realized. There are those who believe that Lord Beaconsfield's favorite horror, "the secret societies," have the real control of the movement, and mean to use it in spite of all local reforms as a potent means of accelerating the general ruin of "the altar and the throne."

Such being the state of the problem, how does the government propose to deal with it? Most Liberals at home seem to regard the Russian court as a hopelessly stupid and reactionary body; but probably few have taken the trouble to think out what should in fact be done. It is easy to say "Give them a constitution;" but it must be remembered that probably at no time within historic memory was our own land so unfit for constitutional government as Russia is now. Amidst an all-prevalent official corruption, they have to reckon with a *noblesse* morally effete and every way unreliable, with a Church barren of all spirituality, and with an inaccessible territory half peopled by an

idealess population. What will a constitution do for *them*? My aide-de-camp complained bitterly of the English prejudice against the methods of the czar. "The Romanoffs," he said, "have never been selfish in the matter of political rights. When any reform has been shown to be practicable and for the good of their people they have never thought it a sacrifice to forego their own prerogatives. The present czar is at least as eager as his father to advance the freedom and prosperity of his children. He is perfectly ready to grant a constitution to-morrow if any one could prove that it would work. But at present it would only result in allowing the corrupt local dignitaries, whose misgovernment is at least as much against the interest of the palace as of the people, to bribe their unintelligent neighbors into sending them to Parliament. You would widen corruption wholesale, only to give the evil a new lease of power." If it was objected that in any case you would have free public criticism of the abuses of the bureaucracy, there was a ready reply. "You cannot give opportunities for reasonable and well-meaning criticism without letting loose a flood of malicious and revolutionary critics also. The Nihilists are too sharp-witted and too ubiquitous not to gain as much as any one by the new opportunities of a constitutionalism, which would never satisfy them."

So much for the court side of the case. The opposition told me a different, yet perhaps hardly an inconsistent, story. "It was a thousand pities," they said, "that the last attack on the late czar succeeded. The governorship of Loris Melikoff had begun to restore confidence. He was not a brilliant man, but he was trusted. Relying not on political theories, but on common sense and mother-wit, he sought practical solutions for practical questions, and always made it his first object, wherever he found signs of discontent, to ascertain what the people wanted." He had succeeded, as my informants averred, in getting a full constitution drawn up, and it lay in the emperor's desk, ready for signing. It was not perhaps a final settlement, nor anything like it; but it would have gone far to rally the support of all well-meaning men, however theoretically extreme, to the side of law and order. The czar was hesitating, and he could not have held out very long. But the assassination, with all its horrible details, introduced the new factor of revenge. Yet even then the new

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czar hesitated. The party of Melikoff still pressed for the same great step. It was thought in ministerial circles that Alexander III. was on the point of signing, when the influence of some reactionaries in the innermost circles of the palace, and notably of the emperor's quondam tutor, produced an unexpected reaction. Suddenly, the able and single-minded fanatic who rules the world of Moscow, the veteran journalist Katkoff, obtained an audience. He is understood to have explained to the father of his people, that "Russia" was in no mind to be terrorized or bullied into concession. If these things were needful, let them be considered quietly and granted at some more peaceful time, out of the pure bounty and unbiased forethought of the czar. In the mean time, "Russia" was indignant that her loyalty should be doubted. Let him therefore trust "Russia," and appeal to the national traditions. A vigorous reassertion of the ancient and vital principle of Russian society, and sacred autocracy of a paternal ruler, was the necessity of the hour. If this were neglected, the insidious poison of foreign ideas would soon undermine all that remained of Slavonic nationalism, and the empire would be wrecked among the quicksands of German scepticism, French social disintegration, and English political economy. The prophet of a Pan-Slavonic reaction prevailed. Without sending for a single minister, the czar locked his draft constitution out of sight, and published next morning the famous "personal rule" proclamation, which astonished the world of St. Petersburg as much as it astonished the European public. From that hour the party and policy of Loris Melikoff passed out of account. The infamous Third Section was revived, and the police regulations, always strict, became as much stricter as it seemed practicable to make them. Finally, by the month of September, this new despotism seemed to be fully organized, and a new proclamation was issued by which it was indicated that these things were to be henceforth not exceptional measures, but the ordinary law of Russia. Upon this, the Council of Three met somewhere and resolved that as there was now no further hope of the czar coming to his senses, his Majesty and his minister Ignatieff must be condemned to death. The court was duly apprized of this resolution, and from that date the panic, already great, has been almost ludicrous within the palace. The rumors of the czar's state of mind are

well known, and are probably not much exaggerated. The czar is practically a prisoner in one of two or three easily guarded castles. New plots are known to be afoot, and many arrests have been made of which, of course, as little as possible is said. The czar is not a coward, and is distinctly obstinate. There are no signs that the more Liberal statesmen are at all likely to return to power. The Moscow party is in full command, and reaction is the order of the day. Such is the tale, as it was told to me, and I have good reason to believe that it is in the main true. It will be seen that my informants regarded the matter entirely as a question of constitution or no constitution. That was no doubt the point about which the critical negotiations turned; but I do not think it was or is the vital issue.

Putting the suggestions of the court party and the opposition together, and trying to arrive at a result, one is tempted at first to say that such a state of things is altogether hopeless. But this would be a great exaggeration. The services and the business of the country go on, not well indeed, but fairly. "Russia," as one of my easy-going friends said to me, while we sipped our coffee after an excellent dinner on the Nevski, "Russia is a very pleasant place to live in after all." The people are in many ways like kindly children. Most of them care for none of these things. The horror of an assassination, real as it is for the time, passes over swiftly. Lady Olga returned one day from a round of visits to tell us a very terrible story: how a young widow lady, one of her intimate friends, had just been carried off to a common gaol, and kept there for a week amidst disgusting filthiness, and under the most degrading prison regulations, merely because one of the recently arrested students had falsely represented, years ago, that she was his aunt. Her child of five she had been forced to leave unattended in her rooms. She was not allowed to communicate with any of her friends, and even her landlady was so afraid of the whole matter that she professed to any who called that she did not know where or why the lady had gone. The narrator told this story with sympathetic horror and detail. When she had finished, an Englishman present exclaimed, in indignation, "What a barbarous country it must be where such tyranny is tolerated for a day." But our hostess reproved him with a dignified surprise at his impatience. "When such



barbarities have happened as the brutal murder of our sainted czar, little inconveniences like this are not to be wondered at. I pity my friend, but I would not change the system."

And so the Muscovite world goes on. Here and there an individual drops out into exile, or is removed to Siberia. He, and perhaps a few of his immediate friends, are converted into irreconcilable allies of the revolution. But the circle where he had his place closes up and forgets him. If this is so with the rich, it is equally so among the poor. Let their privations be ever so severe, they can always forget them quickly. They have something of the Irish capacity for being happy under difficulties, without any of the Irish tendency to periodical and furious reaction against circumstance. Like the Irish, too, they have a constant resource in their deep religious fervor. The Orthodox Church is obviously far less of a spiritual and moral power than Irish Catholicism; but the Russian peasant can always find a moment's peace, and even a very exquisite kind of happiness, when he turns aside into one of the gorgeous cathedrals and prostrates himself before the priceless sacred pictures. He does not pray for this and that advantage, temporal or heavenly. He does not repeat any traditional formula. Much less does he bethink himself of sin and of repentance. He simply crosses himself and adores, and as the smell of the incense hangs about the pillars, and the angel voices of the choir wander along the roof, the stupid, patient, miserable man is happy.

It is quite true, as has already been said, that tested by modern European standards, the administration in Russia is infamous. Official bribery is not merely general, but open and avowed. At the frontier, you may beckon to the grandest and most gold-laced officer you see, and hand him publicly a five-rouble note or so. In a government office, every contractor and every suitor of any kind will make no way except by the same process. The post-office is not safe. Justice is by no means infallible. The navy frauds under the grand duke Constantine, and the army frauds in the Turkish war, are matter of general history. But it must be remembered, on the contrary side of the account, that very large portions of the public service in Russia are under local control. Towns and rural districts are allowed in most details to manage their own affairs. The Commune as-

sesses and collects its own taxes. The populous and prosperous districts of the north-west have retained a very considerable autonomy since the days of Swedish and Teutonic rule. The commercial necessities of Russia have always forced her to allow some sort of fair play to the powerful colonies of foreign merchants, who still administer half her trade. It results, therefore, that in the end the main sufferers by this monstrous system of official corruption are the peasantry and the national exchequer—both proverbially patient.

As regards the peasantry, there is no doubt that their lot is very hard. The agrarian question, as it now stands in Russia, is peculiarly little understood here; and yet it is fruitful with interesting lessons, especially at the present juncture. Serfdom was not in Russia a survival of slavery. It was an administrative rule introduced by Boris Godunoff and his predecessors during the sixteenth century to secure a constant supply of hands for the cultivation of each district—the population having proved to be of a dangerously migratory temper. How the system became throughout the present century obnoxious to all that was best in Russia, and how it was abolished in 1861 is well known. In some provinces, however, as in Esthland, a voluntary emancipation had taken place at a far earlier date. When the serfs were freed, their masters were bound by law to allot to each man a holding of a few acres, the number varying according to the quality of the soil, for which payment was to be made by instalments spread over fifty years. Of this price the treasury advanced four-fifths directly to the landlord, on the security of the holding, taking from the "peasant proprietor" an annual interest of five per cent. on the amount. The one-fifth of the purchase money still due is paid by the peasant direct to the landlord, and there are land taxes of considerable amount as well. In the result, therefore, the "peasant proprietor" is practically a tenant at rack-rent. But there is a further difficulty. In almost every case the small allotment lies altogether, say, on the side of a hill. In order to the proper cultivation of it, the peasant requires to have a piece of river meadow also. The lord has kept this in his own demesne, and therefore he can make his own terms. He has no longer any interest in the well-being of the serf, and whatever slight sympathy resulted from the feudal tie is gone. The peasant

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is at his mercy, for he needs the land. He is prevented by law from migrating without the consent of his commune, which is jointly liable for all his rents and taxes. Naturally, therefore, the landlord, like some others nearer home, wraps himself up in his political economy, and instructs his agent to get the best rent he can. It is not necessary to add that the result is what it must be everywhere in such a case; the peasant starves, and the land is starved also. The communal ownership, amongst so unenterprising a people, becomes a further barrier to agricultural improvement, and thus vast tracts of the less fertile soil in the centre and north of Russia are threatening to become again the dreary, undrained wilderness they were when first the Slavonic migration was compelled to settle there.

For this disastrous state of things a remedy is urgently needed, and the only remedy possible is a reduction of the effective rent to a point which will make it possible to do justice to the land and live. Many say that the commune must go also, and personal proprietary be established everywhere. But if the commune could be made to work properly, it is a method which offers great advantages. Under modern conditions, it is evident that land can best be dealt with where there is some means of obtaining such aid as machinery can give, and of procuring advances of capital. At the same time, the small peasant has an advantage over the large farmer in his immediate personal care and constant labor at small details, which become so important in the mass. The Russian commune ought to contain the possibility of combining both advantages. A limited development of personal proprietorship might be made consistent with a co-operation of the whole commune for such purposes as manuring, drainage, machinery, etc., and the details of such a scheme need neither be very complex nor very novel. The proper working of such a community is apparently a problem beyond the intelligence of the average rural population as yet. Still, it is surely an ideal to be kept in view.

In those parts of Russia where the commune is not the unit of society, the agrarian question is not at all unlike our own in Ireland. It was curious to leave the Lords and Commons contending over the modified three F's, and to find a great Esthonian proprietor granting to his tenants, of his own free will, a settlement far more radical. As we walked through his

glorious pine woods, Count Michael expounded his views to me frankly. "We freed our serfs," he said, "of our own free grace more than fifty years ago. We did it because we disbelieved in slavery altogether. Some few of these Esthens got leases; but most became tenants from year to year, dependent on our will for their tenure and their rents. The system has not worked well. They are industrious and patient fellows, whose only fault is occasional drunkenness; but they have no inducement to improve. If they put capital and labor into the soil it will belong to us, and sooner or later they will have to pay us in increased rent. Such a system is unjust and illogical, and in the long run it is bad for me. Besides, it can never be a self-acting system. My tenant's interests are not the same as mine. They are utterly antagonistic. Now that destructive theories are abroad, I cannot tell what fine day a schoolmaster or some other casual missionary of the new ideas, may put it into the heads of these quiet but very dogged tenants of mine to defy me. If they did, what could I do? The central government is not over fond of our autonomous provinces; but even if they did everything for us, we are set here between the woods, the morasses, and the coast. It would be a matter of great difficulty even for a regular body of troops to occupy this majorat; and if they were here, they could not help us much. They could hardly collect rent, and they could not keep my men at work. To import strangers would be impossible. We landlords are too few and too scattered to be able to help one another. The peasantry are entirely alien in race. Unless a self-adjusting scheme can be set on foot which will make it our mutual interest to maintain the *status quo* and to do all justice to the land, a ruinous revolution must sooner or later overtake us all."

He went on to describe to me what he had done. As soon as he could afford it, he had employed a government chief surveyor with three assistants, who were even now daily occupied in mapping out the whole property, and in allotting the holdings with the fullest possible regard to the circumstances of each farm. The regular farmers were obtaining allotments of a sufficient size, and having in most cases a sufficient portion of reclaimable land thrown in to employ the spare energies of the tenant. The whole was then valued on a low scale, and the rent was assessed at a fair percentage on the capi-

tal value, and fixed for fifteen years absolute. At the end of that term there was to be a general revaluation, and the original percentage was to be again taken upon the new value for another fifteen years, and so on forever. The perpetuity of tenure was absolute; but the tenant was to be entitled to have allotted to him further reclaimable lands at each fresh valuation, so long as any remained unreclaimed. In the mean while, the lord was commencing, with some success, a large scheme of arterial drainage, by which he hoped to convert many square miles of noxious marsh into almost inexhaustible meadow. He did not wish, he said, to have the tenants' improvements included in each revaluation. The general prosperity of the district would sufficiently repay him for foregoing that advantage. He desired only to take, as lord of the soil, a fair percentage on such general rise of value as might affect the land, and above all to adjust the rents periodically to the value of money, which in Russia, with its inconvertible paper, is liable to serious alteration. The tenant would therefore have a definite and very valuable interest in the soil for himself and his posterity; and by their provincial system of a *Land Credit-casse* the enterprising peasant would be able, with such security, to obtain all reasonable advances of money on easy terms, and would have every inducement to develop the resources of the country to the uttermost. It is needless to say, that when my courteous instructor had unfolded his far-reaching scheme, I answered that I could fervently wish the landlords of our own islands had come to learn liberality and wisdom in the barbaric wilds of Russia.

He would be a utopian politician who would expect to see the majority of the great landlords of Russia following the example of my friend Michael. The difficulty lies, not so much in their good-will — for they are kindly folk, and would be glad to help their people in any way that would not prejudice their own real interests. The difficulty lies in their want of intelligence. They are very ready to catch at new ideas, but they fail in administrative capacity. There are great nobles who have gone in for modern improvements, and bought agricultural machines regardless of expense; but the moment the novelty and interest of the toys wore off, the machines got out of order, and were left in the yard as a curiosity, no one being able or willing to set them right again. But though all will not follow the

example of this Russian land-reformer, there is no doubt that many will; and the success of these will prove, after a few years, a strong argument to convert others.

Meanwhile, the main question recurs. Is there no remedy for the grievous maladies that afflict the body politic? As to most such questions, the answer is both yes and no. There is much to be done assuredly; but a Morrison's pill for the ailments of the State will certainly never be discovered. The Nihilists, to begin with, are distinctly wrong. A real revolution is not possible, even if it were to be desired; and the mere murder of people in authority will only aggravate the bitterness of the present autocracy without really endangering the czarate. There have often been times in the history of great States when each succeeding monarch died a violent death, and yet the monarchy remained unshaken. The most they can effect is to terrify some weak ruler into throwing out a constitution to appease them. But it will not appease them, and in itself will do little good, if any.

The changes most wanted, besides the agrarian reforms, are two — the thorough elevation of the educational level of the whole population, and the courageous introduction of comparative freedom of speech. Both have their dangers, but the gain is greater than the risk. Publicity is perhaps the best means of checking the bureaucracy. Just because of the immense reserve of stability which she possesses, Russia has less to fear than any Continental government from comparative or even complete freedom of criticism; and this would be itself a powerful factor in the political education of the people. A reform of the judicial system which would insure the punishment of some at least of the evil-doers, would be a most happy amendment. But until the general disease is checked, this is itself impossible. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* If it were possible to reform and spiritualize the Church, now sunk in a helpless Erastianism, and, above all, to educate the clergy, another great step would be taken. But this would be a hard matter, for the reactionary sentiment is in ecclesiastical circles a passion. Priests, often very ignorant themselves, are the most eager and ruthless ministers of the press *Censur* — that vast absurdity which extends even to the perfect blacking out of every syllable of adverse criticism, however humorously or gently put, from every

copy of the *Charivari* or of *Punch* that enters Russia.

But the one great and urgent change which would be on all sides welcomed is the recall of the trusted Loris Melikoff, or some other honest, painstaking, reasonable man. Ignatieff is not trusted, and indeed has not much effective power, in home affairs. The Moscow ring are now the real ministry; and their policy is fatal. They are patriotic Slavs, full of the enthusiasm of their rising nationality. Serious as their foreign ambition may be, it is not more dangerous than their reckless desire to exalt the Slavonic idea at home, by centralization, by suppression of all provincial rights and all variations of creed or language, and by exclusion and expulsion of all foreign influence, whether in the shape of officials or ideas, out of "holy Russia." The cry of "Russia for the Russians" will be more terrible some day, if it is not checked in time, than the dream of Constantinople. It is this tremendous tendency which has effaced Poland, which has crushed Lithuanian society and commerce, which persecutes alike the heterodox sects, the Roman Catholic populations and the Jewish colonies, and will annihilate them, if it can. It is the same tendency which makes a grievance of the appointment of skilled English and Germans, though Russia absolutely requires them to train her own workmen, and of the small proportion of Slavonic names among the high places of the army, although it is a proverb among tacticians that the Slav who is an excellent captain or lieutenant is utterly incompetent in posts of high command. It is the same tendency which is pressing even now for the abolition of the limited self-government which still prevails with the most excellent results throughout the Ostprovincen and in Finland, and which is seeking to devise further tariff restrictions in order more effectually to "close the frontiers" against the enemy. It is the same spirit that gives a defiant ring to the speech of Skobelev at the Geok Tepe banquet. It is the same pressure, courtly, sacerdotal, and popular at once, which half compels and more than half persuades the government to resent as an insult even the most courteous observations on the recent massacres of the southern Jews. The tendency is fast becoming a crusade.

It is needless to add that the presence of such a factor is a grave danger not merely to Russia, but to Europe. Even

if India, Egypt, and Armenia had never existed, there are questions enough in eastern Europe to start a dozen wars. The dangers that lie in every line of the Treaty of Berlin are plainly illustrated by the reception which Austrian conscription laws have met with in the Herzegovina. The possibilities of quarrel on the German frontiers are not the less real for being less known. Even within the last few weeks we have heard of Ruthenian troubles from Vienna, and of Polish anxieties at Berlin. There is a settled conviction in military circles on both sides that Germany and Russia must fight it out some day soon. Moltke's detailed plans for a Russian campaign have lain for years in the pigeon-holes of the general staff.

In the face of all these dangers, no immediate help can be expected, unless it be the advent to power of a strong and sensible ruler. Constitution-making is beside the question. The convocation of a parliament will not suddenly endow a nation with "sweet reasonableness." Let us promote this by all means; but let us remember that it is an affair of years, if not of generations, and that, meanwhile, the government must be carried on. To English notions, this is not a brilliant outlook; but surely it is not without hope. There are many men in Russia, able, conscientious, and liberal-minded, who could steer the ship even now with comparative safety. Only it requires a strong hand and a cool head. One of Carlyle's despotic heroes, if he can be found, will solve the problem without delay, and the vast empire will go forward rapidly in the path of material and moral progress. If the capable despot cannot be found at once, it is to be feared that many incapable ones will be blown up, with much damage to public safety and more to public morals.

"For the rest, in what year of grace such phoenix-cremation will be completed, depends on unseen contingencies." How much mischief may be done in the mean time, both within and without the frontiers of the empire, no man can calculate. But the future is on the side of nations that have reserves to draw on, and the latent resources of Russia are inexhaustible. It is not rash, therefore, to prophesy that she will weather the storm. If she does she will have a mighty destiny before her; for whatever may be the fate of our own Indian empire, geography has plainly appointed Russia to be the ruler of the East.

B. F. C. COSTELLOE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

## IAR-CONNAUGHT: A SKETCH.

THE most salient features of a region are not always its most characteristic ones, those which a longer and a better acquaintance stamps upon our memories as final. Roughly speaking, all acquaintance with scenery may be said to come under one or other of two heads: to be either extrinsic or intrinsic — the point of view, namely, of the man that looks at it from the inside, or of the man that looks at it from the outside; in other words, that of the tourist and that of the native. With the former everything, or nearly everything, depends upon first impressions. Should things go ill then for him, that scenery is destined ever after to remain blotted with the mists that enshrouded it during his visit, or, worse still, environed with the discomforts endured at that diabolical inn, whose evil memory stands out as the most prominent fact of his travels. He is also (unless possessed of unusual strength of mind) much at the mercy of his guide-book; still more perhaps — at all events in Ireland — at that of his local Jehu. Pursued with the terror of not seeing everything, he as a consequence sees little, and that little unsatisfactorily. The native, on the other hand, is troubled with none of these things. He keeps to his own ground, and he knows it well; its roads, lanes, fields ditches, dykes — probably its sheep, cows, and pigs. Here, however, as a rule, he stops. Beyond his own parish, or his own boundary, he knows and professes to know nothing. Why should he? He is not a tourist nor yet a land-surveyor; why should he trouble himself, therefore, to go poking about over mountains and moors, especially out of the shooting season? Now and then, however, one happens to come across a being who does not fall strictly speaking into either one or other of these categories; who is not tied by the ties and shackled by the shackles of the resident, and who, on the other hand, does not believe in the possibility of exploring an entire tract of country, and plucking out the whole heart of its mystery within a space of twenty-four hours; who has a prejudice, too, in favor of forming his own views unbiassed by the views of his predecessors. Now if in this particular region named in my heading I were happy enough to find myself in the company of such a discriminating traveller as this, what course should I suggest his pursuing in order as quickly

as may be to come at the main facts and features of its topography? All things considered, I should suggest his first and foremost clambering up to the top of one of the neighboring mountains — there are no lack, fortunately, to choose from — and there, having first seated himself as comfortably as may be upon an obliging boulder, to proceed leisurely to spell at the main features of the scene below, so as to secure some general notion of its character previous to studying it in greater detail. Before doing this it may be as well for me to state, however, a little more definitely what and where this same region of Iar-Connaught is, since, beyond a general impression that it is somewhere or other in Ireland, it is by no means impossible that some of my readers may be completely at sea as to its whereabouts. Iar or West Connaught, then, is, or rather was, the original name for the whole of the region now known to the tourist as Connemara, with the addition of a further strip of country stretching eastward as far as the town of Galway. This latter and more familiar name would seem to have crept gradually into use, and its limits consequently to have never been very accurately defined. In the generality of maps and guide-books it will be found to begin at a line drawn from somewhere about the south-east side of Kilkieran Bay to the upper end of Lough Corrib — a wholly imaginary line where no boundary whatsoever exists; west of this line being called Connemara, while the name of Iar or West Connaught is usually, though obviously improperly, assigned to the remaining or south-eastern portion. Any one who will glance at the map of Ireland will see the natural boundaries of the region at a glance. A great lake — the second or third largest in the kingdom — extends nearly due north and south, cutting the county of Galway into an eastward and a westward portion. This lake is only separated from the sea by a narrow neck of land barely four miles wide, which neck of land is again divided into east and west by the salmon river — dear to all fishermen — which falls into the sea just below the town. Between this and the Atlantic the whole region to the westward is more or less mountainous ground, some of the highest summits in Ireland falling within its area; while, on the other side, no sooner do we leave the coast than we get upon that broad limestone plain which occupies the whole centre of Ireland. Taking all this into consideration, it will, I think, be admitted that the origi-



nal boundaries are as good as need be, and that whether we call the region Iar-Connaught or Connemara, it is better to abide by them than by the newer and more obviously arbitrary ones. North, again, the boundary of our region coincides pretty closely with those of the counties Mayo and Galway; and here, too, what we may call the natural frontier is very sharply and clearly defined; the Killary Bay stretching its long arm some ten miles or so inland, while from the other side a long loop or "coose" at the southern extremity of Lough Mask stretches seaward in friendly fashion to meet it; the intermediate space being occupied by the Lake Nafaoey, and the various streams, small and big, which flow in and out of it. North of this, again, we have two more mountain ranges: the Fornamore, which, with Slieve Partry and the hill called the Devil's Mother, forms a single continuous train of summits; while to the west, on the further side of the Killary Bay, rise the great mountain mass of Mweelrea and its two brother peaks; the whole constituting a sort of fraternity or community of mountains, separated by the sea or intervening plains from every other.

And now to return to our much-enduring traveller, who has been left "poised in mid-air upon the giddy top" of one of the Bennabeolas (commonly known as the Twelve Pins), and whose patience will probably be at an end before he has begun even to acquire his lesson.

The first thing certain, I think, to strike any one who attains to at all an extended view over Iar-Connaught is the extraordinary extent to which land and water have here invaded, or rather, so to speak, interpenetrated, one another. To a more or less extent this of course is characteristic of all rugged coasts, but here it would really seem as if the process must have attained its maximum. Looking out from our eyrie over the surrounding country, the general effect is as though the sky had been dropping lakes upon the land, and the land in return had been showering rocks upon the sea. Westward, where the two great headlands of Angrus and Slyne Head jut into the sea, we see, between their outstretched points, and to right and left of them, and far out over the sea in every direction, an infinite multitude of island points, dark above, gleaming and glittering below, where the sun catches upon their wave-washed sides. Some of the islands are gathered together into clusters; others are single or in scattered groups. Round islands, long

islands, oblong islands; islands of every shape and size, from the tiny illauns and carrigeens, which barely afford a foothold to the passing gull, up to the respectable-sized islands of Inishbofin and Inishturk, which boast their populations of five and six hundred inhabitants apiece, and carry on, or did until lately carry on, a considerable traffic in kelp, receiving in return poteen and such other necessities of life as are not as yet grown upon the islands. Now if, turning our eyes away from the sea, we look inland, we shall see that the same sort of general effect presents itself, only that here the elements are reversed. Here the sea has everywhere invaded and taken possession of the land. Try to follow one of its glittering arms to its end, and when you think you have seen the last of it, lo! it reappears on the other side of some small summit, winding away in intricate curves and convolutions far as the eye can see. As for the lakes, they are endless, bewildering, past all power of man to count or to remember. With all the Celt's talent for bestowing appropriate names upon the objects with which he finds himself surrounded, here nature has been too many for him, a large proportion of these lakes having, so far as I am aware, received no names at all. Indeed, even to know them apart is quite sufficiently perplexing. Lough Inagh and Derryclare, perhaps, with their wooded islands; Ballinahiach, with its castle and its salmon streams; Kylemore Lake in its wooded glen, and Lough Muck and Lough Fee, filling up the deep gorge which stretches seaward between two steep cliffs; these, and perhaps some dozen or so more, we may distinguish readily enough; but who will undertake to give an account of the countless multitude of loughs and lougheens, drift-basins, bog-basins, and rock-basins, which stud the whole face of the country between Lough Corrib and the sea? Look at the low ground south of Clifden and between us and Slyne Head! You might compare it with a looking-glass starred with cracks, or to a net, of which the strands stood for the ground, and the intermediate spaces for the water! Many, too, of these lakes lie far away out of every one's reach, and are never seen at all, or only once a year, perhaps, by some turf-cutter, on his way to a distant bog, or some sportsman taking a fresh cast in hopes of coming upon that pack of grouse some one is reported to have seen in this direction. Others, again, lie high up upon the mountain-sides, often close to the very summit,

where they are still less likely to be seen, though any one who will take the trouble of clambering up in search of them will find that few things are more beautiful in their way than these little desolate tarns, set about with huge rocks, yet so clear that every modulation of the skies may be seen reflected on their surface. Most striking of these, perhaps, are the so-called "corries"—bowl-shaped hollows, usually flat-bottomed, and cut out of the solid rock. Often a whole series of these may be seen lying parallel to one another upon the vertical sides of precipices; the effect from below being very much as if so many mouthfuls had been bitten out of the cliff. Some of these corries contain water; others again are dry. When full they are usually partly formed of drift, which, accumulating at the mouth of the hollow, hinders the water from escaping. As to their origin, geologists differ not a little, some maintaining that they are due to direct ice action, and chiefly for the following reasons: first, that they differ entirely from hollows made by any other agencies; secondly, that nothing in the least resembling them is now being formed by the sea; and, thirdly, that they cannot possibly be due to the ordinary meteoric agents—rain, snow, wind, running water, etc.—since these very agents are at present busily engaged in smoothing them away. Others, equally entitled to our confidence, maintain, first, that other agents besides ice are perfectly capable of making similar hollows; secondly, that the sea is at this very moment engaged in scooping out small coves and cooses, which, if raised in a general elevation of the land, would in time present an appearance very similar to these hill corries, such as we now see them; and thirdly, that the original cause, or at any rate the chief agent, must have been, not ice, but faults and dislocations in the rock, aided subsequently by glacial or marine action. Where experts differ to such an extent, how, it may be asked, is the humble inquirer to steer his modest course?

But we are not dependent upon rock corries for our evidence of ice action in this neighborhood; we meet it in ten thousand different forms. In fact there is probably no district in Great Britain, where its sign-manual has been written in plainer or more legible characters. In this respect our Bennabeola range is of special interest, as from it, rather than from either of the neighboring and rival ranges, is held to have spread that great ice-sheet whose effects are so plainly vis-

ible upon every scratched stone and crag-  
rounded hillside within an area of sixty miles. Why it *should* have spread here is, however, at first by no means obvious. On the contrary, it would at first sight seem more likely that from the higher and on the whole bulkier mass of Mweelrea and its brother peaks would have come that impetus which has thus stamped itself upon all the country round. But no—they have been swept across by ice coming from this direction. This has been very well and clearly shown in an admirable little memoir on the subject published some years since by Messrs. Close and Kinahan.\* "The ice stream," say these authors, "has passed on and moved, not only against Croagh Patrick, but farther northward against the range of the Erris and Tyrawley mountains. Although partly forced out of its way by them, it has nevertheless streamed across them—certainly through their passes, e.g. that of Coolnabinnia on the west side of Nephin (as shown by the striations on the summit of Tristia, nearly eleven hundred feet above the sea), that of Lough Feeagh (witness the striations on the side of Buckoogh at twelve hundred feet), and that of Ballacragher Bay near Molranny (as evidenced by the striations in Corraun Achill on the north-west side of Clew Bay); in all these cases the movement of the red-sandstone blocks corroborates the evidence of the striations."

As to the further question of why this and not the Mweelrea range should have been selected for the honor of being the local "birthplace of glaciers," that is believed to be due, partly to the fact that, though less high, these Bennabeolas form on the whole a more compact mass than the Mayo group; but still more to the circumstance of the latter having been robbed of their full share of snow by the former, which, stretching further to the south-west, then as now were the first to intercept the moisture-laden winds of the Atlantic. Instead, however, of curdling into cloud and discharging themselves in sheets of rain as they do at present, their burden was then flung down in the form of snow, which, hardening and consolidating into ice, rapidly accumulated in the valleys, heaped itself up over every hillside, in many instances burying the very summits themselves under what was practically a huge superimposed mountain of solid ice.

\* Glaciation of Iar-Connaught and its Neighborhood. G. H. Kinahan, M.R.I.A., and Rev. Maxwell H. Close.

Though often spoken of as a glacier, this, it must always be remembered, is not what in Switzerland and elsewhere is understood by a glacier at all. In picturing to ourselves the state of things which must once have existed in these islands, we are too apt to draw all our ideas and illustrations from these Swiss Alps—the only perpetually snow-clad region with which most of us have any practical acquaintance. Now nothing can be more misleading. In Switzerland the glaciers only exist down to a certain well-defined line, where, being met by the warm air of the valleys, they pass away in the milky torrents, familiar to any one who has stood, for instance, beside the Rhone, and seen it pour its white volumes into the Lake of Geneva, where, leaving behind it all the heavier and more insoluble part of its burden, it issues gaily upon the further side, the bluest of blue rivers leaping to the sea. Here, however, a very different order of things from this existed. The ice which has scraped and planed these hillsides was not in fact a glacier at all. No puny glacier, such as hills of this height could alone have given birth to, would ever have reached a tithe of the distance covered by this mighty stream, one arm of which alone has been traced the whole way up the valley of Lough Mask, and out at Killala Bay, a distance of over sixty miles; while how much further it went no human being of course can tell, all further traces of it being henceforth hidden by the sea. To find a region where ice is now *really* moulding and fashioning the landscape, as it once moulded and fashioned these Galway valleys and hillsides, we must go, not to Switzerland or to any temperate region at all, but to a very much less comfortable part of the world—to Greenland and the icy shores of Baffin's Bay. There, in the grim and gruesome regions of the "central silence," few, if any, of the phenomena familiar to us in Switzerland are to be seen; no tall peaks rising out of green, laughing valleys; no glaciers with their wrinkled ice-falls, their blue crevices, and their brown moraines; everything, save a few here and there of the highest summits, being hidden away under a huge, all-encompassing death-shroud of snow and ice, from which all life, and nearly all movement, have vanished. So, too, it must once have been with our Twelve Pins, and with all the region round about. They too have known what it is to be smothered up in ice and snow; ice which in this instance

must have risen high above their heads, as its handiwork can be seen written upon the crags at the summit; though how many feet or hundreds of feet higher, it would doubtless puzzle even the best and most experienced of geologists to decide.

Meanwhile we must not expend the whole of the time at our disposal upon one mountain summit, but must hasten away to other though not perhaps necessarily more attractive scenes.

I just now said that Iar-Connaught was a land of lakes; but, if so, it is even more emphatically a land of streams. Go where we will, our ears are filled with the noise of running water. Streams drop upon us from the rocks, dash across the road under our feet, and appear unexpectedly in all directions. Many, too, of the lakes are united to one another by streams—strung together, as it were, upon a thin, silvery thread of water. Not many, certainly, of these streams attain to any very great volume, but what they lack in size they more than make up for by their multitude. Larger ones, such as the Erriff and Joyce's River, are fed by an infinite number of small rivulets, which come racing down the hillsides from a thousand invisible sources, and after prolonged rains the hills appear literally streaked with white, so closely do the torrents lie together. Where smaller streams find their own way to the sea, their course is often impeded and almost obstructed by the mass of stones and detritus which they have themselves brought down from the hills. Walking up one of these stream-sides, one is often fairly astounded at the size and the number of these blocks. Boulders, varying from the size of a hen-coop to that of a comfortable-sized cottage, strew the bed of the stream, witness of a thousand forgotten storms. In the wider portions these get often piled up into small rocky islands, where sods of peat lodge, and where the young birch and mountain ash spring up safe from the tooth of marauding sheep or goats. It is in the narrower portions, however, where the stream has had to saw a channel for itself through the hard face of the rock, that the boulders become jammed and accumulate to such an extraordinary degree, often filling the narrow channel to the very brim, and obliging the water to escape, as best it can, in a series of small gushes and separate torrents, which meet again in a tumultuous rush below the obstruction. No one can wander much over this district without coming to the con-

clusion that these streams are very much smaller most of them now than they once were. Several facts point to this conclusion. Even after the heaviest rains their present carrying power is certainly insufficient to enable them to transport the enormous blocks with which we find their course encumbered; added to which the channels themselves are often much larger than are at present needed, and in some instances, as along the course of the Erriff River, are being actually now filled up with bog. Indeed, when we remember how lately the whole of this district was one great forest, traces — melancholy traces — of which are to be seen in every direction; when we come upon stumps of oak high up upon the bleak hillsides, where now nothing taller than the bilberry or the bog myrtle grows; when, on the other hand, pushing out from the shore, we look over our boat-side and see the big "corkers" rising up out of the marl and sand in which their roots lie buried — seeing all this, and remembering how invariably the destruction of forests is followed by a diminution of rainfall, it is not difficult to believe that, numerous as are these streams and rivers now, they were once more numerous, and certainly very much larger than they are at present.

North of Galway Bay the country is comparatively flat, and there the rivers run chiefly between low ridges or hills of drift, whose sides are thickly strewn with the omnipresent granite boulders which there form such a prominent feature in the landscape. Much of this district is uninteresting and monotonous enough, yet even here the scenery along the river edge is often full of interest and beauty. As often as the stream takes a bend, a little triangular patch of intensely fertile ground accumulates upon the convex side, where the river year by year has deposited a share of the spoil which it has elsewhere filched. These little fertile plots are taken advantage of, and respectable crops of oats and potatoes grown right up to the brink of the water, which is only too apt to overflow and destroy them when a freshet comes down from the hills. Here too, for the same reason, grow the loosestrifes and meadow-sweets, not scattered as elsewhere, but in a dense, variegated jungle, which is repeated, leaf for leaf and petal for petal, in the smooth, brown currents below. Nowadays the region is but a very thinly populated one. Looking around us, we see in every direction rows upon rows of granite boulders

lifting their grey sides out of the purple heather, while in one direction, perhaps, and in one direction only, a cottage, or a couple of cottages, scarcely less grey and time-worn, may be seen peering disconsolately over the little hills. As for trees, often for long distances the stunted, much-enduring thorn-bushes are the only representatives of these to be seen; then a corner is turned, and suddenly, out of the wild, melancholy moor, the stream rushes all at once into a tiny glen or valley green with brushwood, and gay with osmunda and bell heather and half-submerged willow-herbs — a genuine scrap of the old forest, where the gnarled oak stumps have sent up young shoots, and where the birch and willow and mountain ash dip downward so as almost to touch the water; then another turn, and the glen is left behind, and we are out once more in the open moor. No better way of getting to know this country can be devised than by following the vagrant course of one of these streams from its source to its finish, though it must be owned that the walking is far from invariably delightful. Where footpaths, with stiles or holes in the walls, have been left for the benefit of fishermen, there matters, of course, are simplified; this, however, is quite the exception. Generally the explorer has to make his own way over the tottering, lacework walls, whose stones have a most uncomfortable predisposition to fall upon his toes. When there are bridges, which is seldom, they usually consist of a few logs, supported and covered over with huge stones in a primitive and Cyclopean fashion. On smaller streams the bridges are of loose stones only, the central arch being flanked right and left with lesser ones, so as to allow the water in flood-time to escape. More often still there are no bridges at all, or only at intervals so wide as to be practically useless; he is forced, therefore, to find out his own crossing, choosing between stumping bodily through the stream, or picking his steps along the slimy tops of the stones, where the water rushes and races under his feet at the rate of some forty miles an hour, or slips by in those long, oily curves which always seem to draw our eyes down to them whether we will or no. Nor is this the only or even the chief part of his difficulties. What with crossing and re-crossing the stream; now skirting along where the projecting rocks nearly push him into the water; now out again into the open, clambering over huge boulders crouched like

petrified dragons or mammoths in his path; now picking his steps through squelching bog-holes, or, again, balancing upon tussocks which give way under his tread — what with all this, and the endless climbing of walls, the explorer who has conscientiously followed one of these streams through all its windings and doublings will find that he has about had his full share, and something more than his fair share, of walking by the time he again reaches home. In wild weather, when the wind is from the Atlantic, gales blow straight up these glens, cutting the tops off the small waves as they come careering over the stones, and apparently doing their best to drive the water upstream again. A salmon leap is a fine sight on such a day as that. The water, no longer a series of insignificant trickles, comes down in a broad yellow gush, sending out great flakes of foam before it, to be carried back by the wind and lodged in creamy clots upon the trees and upon every scrap of herbage within reach. On such days, the whole glen above the fall may often be seen through a sheet of finely divided spray, caught from the fall and flung backwards by the wind. Standing above the leap, and looking down, we may see the big salmon and white trout crowding in the pool below us, their heads held well up-stream, despite the tug of the current in the opposite direction. Now and then one detaches himself from the rest, leaps upward, quivers a moment in mid-air, and then, in nine cases out of ten, falls headlong down into the pool again. The height to which both salmon and white trout will spring on these falls is astonishing, a leap of eight and ten feet being by no means unusual; and, however often defeated, after a few moments' rest the same salmon may be seen returning again and again to the assault. When thus intent upon business the fish seem to lose all their natural shyness, as if every faculty was for the moment concentrated wholly in the effort to reach the upper waters. Leaning over the rocks alongside of the salmon leap, we may stoop so as to actually touch with a stick the smooth, brown backs so temptingly near at hand, and we shall find that they take little or no notice, merely moving to one side, without for a moment relaxing in their efforts to reach the top — a trait which unfortunately has the effect of making them fall only too easy a prey to the local poacher. No art of any sort is required to spear a salmon when, spent and exhausted, it reaches the top of its

climb. Armed with a gaff — one extemporized out of a scythe — the loafing "gossoon" or village ne'er-do-weel may pick and choose amongst a crowd of salmon and white trout, and the silvery scales which catch the eye here and there amongst the wet grass are a proof only too convincing that he has not neglected his opportunities.

Throughout the whole of this part of Iar-Connaught the presence of the granite largely influences the character of the landscape. Where limestone predominates we usually get peculiarly transparent effects, delicate aerial greys and blues everywhere prevailing. On the other hand, limestone is cold, and even when weathered the rocks seldom present any particular beauty of detail. Granite, on the contrary, lends itself peculiarly to richness of coloring, no foreground being so rich as a foreground of granite rocks. Here, too, the granite has an especial beauty of its own, from the presence of large pink or violet crystals of feldspar, which in weathered places frequently stand out in bold relief, as though handfuls of pale amethysts had been sprinkled loosely over the surface. Lichens, too, of a peculiar brilliancy and beauty cling to the granite, so that whatever else is wanting to the picture we may always count upon a foreground of ever-varying beauty and interest. A few of these boulders might nevertheless be spared with advantage! The multitude strewn broadcast over the whole face of the country here is almost past belief, and increases perceptibly as we approach the sea — here cropping up in the middle of a potato-patch — there built into the sides of a cabin — now raised on stalks showing the amount of wear and tear which has gone on since they took their place — now sunk deep in the ground with only a corner appearing above the brown turf mould. Many show signs of having fallen from a height, lying broken as they fell, not flung about in fragments, but seamed through and through with a single crack, which has been further prized open by small stones falling in at the top and gradually working their way to the bottom; others again stand perched high overhead, or balanced upon the very brink of a cliff, as though ready to be launched upon some aerial voyage. Foreign rocks, quartzes, sandstones, and mica schists, coming from the other side of the country, mingle occasionally with the granite, all contrasting strongly, in their rough-hewn masses, with the smooth, glacier-ground



rocks upon which they rest, and which are as smooth and as polished still as if the great ice-plane had only left them yesterday.

Now that we are approaching the coast we find that our stream widens. Strengthened by a couple of contributions, it has swollen well-nigh to the proportions of a river. No longer champing and churning, fretting against every stone in its bed, it rolls silently, conscious that at last it is nearing its destiny. Now fast and fleet, but with hardly a sound, it swirls along under the tottering banks, raking out the loose stones and water-weeds; now widening into a mimic lake, and then again narrowing as it rushes between two steeply overhanging rocks. The last corner is turned. The grey hills of Clare rise over the parapet of the little bridge; between them and us flash the waters of the bay, with perhaps a solitary "pook-haun" or "hooker" working upon their way to Galway; under the bridge darts the stream, and with a flash and a ripple, and a quick noisy rattle over the stones, it has taken its last leap, and flung itself rejoicing into the arms of the sea.

From the hills we have wandered to the rivers; from the rivers let us now glance for a few minutes along the shore. Leaving Galway with its fringe of villas and of bathing-houses behind us, the road runs westward for many a mile, along a low coast, varied only by an occasional ridge or "esker" of granite drift. The shore itself mainly consists of loosely piled boulders, alternating with small sandy bays; the most unprofitable of all shores, by the way, for the marine zoologist, whose game is apt to be uprooted with every tide. Here and there, however, long reefs project seaward, and these being seamed with fissures are worth exploring when they can be reached, which generally is only at the dead low tide. As we advance we find ourselves passing over an endless succession of low drift-hills with intervening valleys choked with boulders, the road keeping steadily west, the country growing wilder and wilder with every mile. At Barna a small grove of trees is passed, with grass and ferns growing rich and rank beneath their shadow. The trees themselves are nothing very particular, — a few moderate-sized oaks, with ash, and a sprinkling of sycamores, and elsewhere doubtless pass them without a glance; here, however, we turn to look at them again and again with an interest quite pathetic, sighing regretfully as we pass out into the grey desolate

moorland again. It were worth spending a few weeks in Iar-Connaught, if only to learn to appreciate trees for the future! Still on and on, and on, mile after mile, over a treeless, almost featureless tract, abounding in stones and abounding in very little else. A police barrack, green with ivy, up which some dog-roses are creeping, is greeted with enthusiasm. So, too, are a couple of villas, through whose gates we catch a pleasant vista of haycocks, and children playing, with the rocks and the tumbled surf beyond. Turning away from this somewhat lamentable foreground, we fix our eyes upon the range of terraced hills which stretch beyond the bay, and further yet again to where a line — worn by distance to a mere thread — shows where the far-famed cliffs of Moher lift their six hundred feet of rock above the sea. Westward again, the three isles of Aran stream across the horizon, so low and grey as hardly to be visible, save where the surf catches against their rock-girt sides; yet, looking intently, we can, even at this distance, distinguish the huge outline of Dun Connor, the great rath which crowns the middle island, and whose watch-fires when lighted must have been visible along the entire line of coast from the Mayo hills to the mountains of Kerry. About Spidal the scenery begins to improve. Far in the distance the Twelve Pins once more come into sight, long chains of lakes stretching northward to their very feet. Near Tully the coast is broken up into small brown creeks, where turf is being dug at low tide; islands dot themselves about in the bay beyond; a substantial-looking row of coastguard houses presently rises into sight, with chimneys hospitably smoking; yet another half-mile, and we find ourselves brought up short by the discovery that our road ends abruptly, all further advance in this direction being hopelessly at an end. We have in fact arrived at a regular *cul-de-sac* — one of the many to be found in Iar-Connaught. Only one road of any kind extends beyond this point, and that merely lands us at a fishing-lodge some three miles or so further on. To reach the mountains which we see so distinctly before us, we must either retrace our steps to Spidal, and so round by Oughterard, a distance of over forty miles, or else take to the moors, and try to make our own way across country, an attempt which would probably result in our having to crave hospitality for the night at some cabin door, the chances of reaching any

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other shelter before nightfall being problematical to a degree. A more unfrequented and a more unbefriended region is perhaps hardly to be found in her Majesty's dominions than that same stretch of country between Cashla and Roundstone Bay. Life there is indeed reduced to the very elements. A few villages exist, thinly scattered over its surface, but hardly any roads connecting them — none certainly over which vehicles with springs could travel. Everywhere, too, the land is invaded by long arms of sea, still further increasing the difficulties of communication. For instance, as the crow flies, the distance between this point and Roundstone is barely twenty miles; whereas, if the coast-line were followed, it would probably be found to extend to fully five times that length. The variety of seaboard, too, is extraordinary; many of the islands being separated from the mainland by the merest streak of sea, the promontories, on the other hand, being in several instances connected by strips of land so low that a depression of a few feet would result in the setting free of a fresh crop of islands. The best, indeed the only, way of exploring this, the wildest bit of all Iar-Connaught, is to take boat, and to sail from headland to headland, and in and out of the archipelagoes of islands, which choke up every bay, and lie scattered in a thick fringe along the coast. There are several landing-places, but the most convenient probably will be found to be Roundstone, where the harbor is good, and a pier, built when dreams of an Atlantic packet station were in the air, stands ready for us to moor up our yacht or hooker. Here, too, is an hotel, and here, if the traveller is a naturalist, he can hardly do better than spend a few days, for not only is the shore itself unusually rich in zoology, but in the bay below he will find perhaps the best dredging-ground to be met with along the entire line of coast. From Roundstone the road lies direct to Clifden, which claims, and fairly claims I suppose, to be the capital of our mountain region. Thence, turning northward, we bowl along the wide coaching road, through the refreshingly clean little village of Letterfrack; through the valley of Kylemore, where the towering crest of the Diamond stands a glittering sentry over our heads; under steep wooded banks; past more lakes and glens, and across a valley floored with bog, until we suddenly find that we have come full circle, and are back again at the foot of the Twelve Pins,

the place from which we originally started.

Two more remarks before I end. First as to the question of popularity, or rather lack of popularity. It is undeniable that few regions equally come-at-able, and equally admittedly striking and picturesque, find so few admirers, not to say lovers, as Connemara. People come and go, drive along its roads, fish in its lakes, and even praise it after a fashion, but grudgingly; they break into no raptures, as for instance over Killarney, and, what is still more significant, they seldom show any particular desire to return to it again. Now this probably may be set down to a combination of causes. Its hotels, for one thing, are not (with one or two exceptions) by any means equal to the demands of modern sophistication; and this, deny it who will, is a very important factor in the matter. When a man's cogitations are secretly turning upon the badness of his breakfast, and the yet more doubtful prospect which awaits him at dinner, he is seldom, it must be owned, in the mood for very warmly appreciating scenery — especially when that scenery is admittedly somewhat of the bleak and hungry kind. Then, again, there is another and a very serious matter — the weather! Without going into the vexed and oft-disputed question as to whether this part of Ireland or the west of Scotland is the worst and the wettest, it may be admitted at once, and without further question, that it is bad — *very bad indeed*. Even while in the very act of abusing it, however, it is only fair to add that to this very badness, fractiousness, what you will, of the climate the scenery owes a share, and to my mind a by no means inconsiderable share, of its charm. The actual landscape doubtless is fine, but the actual landscape is nothing, literally nothing, until you have seen it under a dozen different moods: now grey and sullen; now fierce and passionate; now, when you least expect it, flashing out smile after smile, as only an Irish landscape can smile when the sun suddenly catches it after a spell of rain. At all events I can personally vouch for the fact of long-continued dry weather being anything but becoming to the scenery. Wanting the moisture which lends them atmosphere and distance, the mountains lose their aerial tints, become dull and grey, oppressed as it were with their own nakedness. I remember (the statement, by the way, is not perhaps a particularly credible one) — nevertheless as a matter of fact I *do* remember a sum-

mer in the west of Ireland, when for weeks together not a shower fell. The loughs sank low in their beds of rock; the bogs, seamed with cracks, showed as dry as so many high-roads; the grass turned brown; the flowers withered; the mountains, hard as iron, stood out with every muscle in their stony anatomy brought into the strongest possible relief; now and then a wind got up, but no rain fell; every atom of moisture seemed to have vanished out of the atmosphere, and from morning till night the sun shone down with the same broad, unwinking persistency. It was exactly what everybody had always been wishing and sighing for, but somehow when it came no one appeared particularly gratified, and I can recall no very genuine expression of regret when at last one morning we got up to find that the sky had lost its brazen look, and that the greys had once more resumed their dominion. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world are there such greys as here — pale greys, dark greys, greys tinted with blue, and with green, and with rose-color; greys merging and melting into one another, and into every other tint imaginable. Yet nowhere, on the other hand, is the coloring more gorgeous when now and then the sky does take a coloring fit. See it at the coming on of rain! A minute, perhaps, ago sky and sea were cloudless; suddenly as you look again the clouds have gathered, struck against the cold sides of the mountains, and begun to descend in rain, which goes sweeping like a pall along the whole length of the valley, brushing against the flanks of the mountains, and passing away eastward, to be followed by a rapid burst of sunshine, bringing out the colors of the wet grass and smoking rocks; in its turn passing on, reappearing for an instant in fantastic patches of light upon the distant slopes, and then again being swallowed up in the wide-spreading darkness of another sudden storm. The brilliancy and swift chromatic changes of these alternate sun-bursts and rain-squalls are indescribable, and, when seen from a height where they can be followed across a wide stretch of mountain and sea, they constitute a never-failing panorama — a drama the incidents of which are perpetually varying. One is in fact tempted to dwell far too much upon these transitory effects, because in a climate so capricious it is they rather than the permanent features which create the most vivid and lasting impressions. Looking back into that private picture-gallery which most of us,

consciously or unconsciously, carry about with us, two scenes at this moment start into my memory, and both, as will be seen, owe the fact of their being remembered at all not certainly to anything in the actual scenery, but wholly and solely to the disposition of the lights and atmosphere.

The first was an effect of early morning seen from a window overlooking a wide tract of comparatively low-lying land, sodden with recent rain, where small pools caught the eye, leading it on to a large fresh-water lough which lay beyond. Across this tract lay the arch of a rainbow, stretching from the grey of the water to the pale green of the hillsides above. Not a rainbow which came and vanished, but a rainbow which hovered and lingered; now fading until it was all but invisible, now unexpectedly flaring into sudden splendor again. And behind, the nearest hills were vague and dim with mist, while the distant ones were wholly hidden under a vast and capacious cloud-canopy, through which a pale sun shone upon the lough, so that it gleamed like a tarnished shield. All the greens and blues had vanished out of the landscape, but the yellows seemed brighter than ever; the highest note of all being struck where the foam, driven in a long, sinuous line across the lough, was washed in a broad, palpitating drift against the yellow sand.

The second — an effect of a very different kind — occurred at the end of one of those utterly hopeless days when the weather, after holding out some slight promise in the morning, settles down to rain with a dull and dogged self-satisfaction, as if it never had rained before. For an hour or more we had been tramping homeward, knee-deep in drenching heather, and had just reached the crest of a ridge, overlooking the bay and the dull grey flanks of the opposite hills; already the sun had set behind fourfold walls of cloud without showing itself, and without a moment's intermission of the pelting rain. Suddenly, when we least expected it, an arrow of red light was seen to shoot across the leaden-colored sky. Another and another followed. Layer after layer of clouds caught the glow, until the whole heavily laden floor of heaven was burning with an intense and terrible conflagration, out of the very midst of which bars of molten metal appeared to rise, writhing and melting as in a furnace. Across all this swept a few lighter clouds, driven by the wind, each tipped with an edge of

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light, too intensely luminous to be looked at. A rush of color, caught from the sky, spread itself over the dull face of the bay, the very stream at our feet being tinged with the pale, opal-colored tints. Nor was this all; for the clouds, which had been rolling over-head, began suddenly to descend; not in wisps and scrolls, nor in a thin, impalpable veil, but altogether, in a vast and apparently solid body; rolling, pouring, gathering on the tops of the hills, and streaming down through the passes. It was a regular cloud avalanche; and, despite our knowledge that we were too near home to run any risk by being enveloped in its folds, there was something curiously alarming in the sight of these huge summits rolling down-hill, and approaching momentarily nearer. On and on they came, until suddenly, just as they were within about a hundred yards of us, their course was arrested by a fresh conflicting current of air. Here, then, the vanguard stood still, and began slowly melting, passing away in thin shreds and rags of vapor; but the rearguard still continued to pour in fresh reinforcements from behind; which, accumulating faster than they could be dissipated, reared themselves up in vast, dome-like masses, towering thousands of feet in air, and gradually slipping downwards until they had enveloped not only us, but the whole valley in their folds. An hour later the overcharged atmosphere relieved itself by a couple of violent thunder-claps following one another in quick succession; after which the night grew calm and clear, and the next morning was glorious; but, alas! before the day ended the dull, persistent, pitiless drizzle had again set in.

E. L.

From The Spectator.

## THE "BURDEN OF SOVEREIGNTY."

THE necessity which sovereigns plead for recreation is not unreal, though it is not often produced by the causes which the public suppose. We very much doubt if any sovereign in Europe is "over-worked," as ordinary professionals, or even ministers, are over-worked; if any king or queen labors steadily for eight hours a day, during six days a week; or hurries his or her meals, or goes without regular exercise, or even falls into that condition of fluster which with most men and all women follows upon a clear per-

ception that the necessary work cannot be overtaken. A despotic sovereign ought to be overworked, for he ought to be prime minister, first judge, commander-in-chief, and sovereign, all in one; and the mere business of those many offices, if properly done, would crush any single person. We do not find, however, and we have read many memoirs, that except in very rare cases, the most remarkable being that of Frederick the Great, the sovereign is so overwhelmed. Frederick tried to be rid of sleep, and to the end could only read a haphazard selection of the letters he had ordered to be written in his own name. Men do not like labor, as a rule, and kings have this immense advantage, or disadvantage, over other men, that as their labor is the exercise of power, those around them are only too delighted to take it off their hands. The less the king worries about a department, the more the minister is pleased; and as this is true down to the smallest secretary, the king who desires to shift off actual work can always do it. We fancy that he usually does do it, and that a sovereign usually finds nearly as much leisure for reading, music, the theatre, conversation, and eating, as any one of the wealthy classes not professionally idle. His signature must, no doubt, be a burden to him. Sovereigns in all countries must have endless masses of papers to sign,—commissions, orders, and above all, letters which cannot be operative without their autographs or initials. They retain much of their power by the use of this check, just as the head of a great firm does when he keeps the bank-book; and even in constitutional countries, the burden is sometimes severe. Our own queen either is or was much tried in this way; and in England the number of commissions is insignificant, compared with that in many Continental countries. Reviews, too, take up time, and cannot be exactly delightful; while ceremonials of all sorts never end, and must be, if the sovereign is constructed like other human beings, utterly detestable. Imagine "receiving" for nearly seven hours, as the king of Prussia sometimes does in the White Hall, according to the rules of an etiquette which varies with each person who advances. The president of the United States is pitied on reception days, but at least every person who approaches him, not being minister of a foreign power, expects to be treated in the same way, and cannot be dishonored by an accidental

mistake. Still, signatures, reviews, and ceremonials notwithstanding, the kings usually find time for amusement, for conversation or cards, the theatre or music, not to mention feasting, and in a large majority of cases, a very considerable amount of flirtation and gossip. The burden on them is not exactly work, which is got rid of at stated times, and through trusted delegates, but is a kind of mental pressure, to which hardly any other man with a profession can be exposed.

Hardly any one, except a chief minister, can be so incessantly affected in mind by all that occurs as a decent king, who, whether actually or in theory, guides the administration. Events occur every day, every event affects the central power more or less, and after every event a working king must either feel responsible, or consider what responsibility is likely to arise. He may have done nothing in the matter, yet be instantly aware of much that will arise compelling him to act. An earthquake in Agram is to the Austrian military secretary only an earthquake, a calamity, that is, possibly a great calamity, but still a calamity allowed by God, or evoked by some internal convulsion of natural forces. To the emperor, it is all that, and this more, — that people in whom it is his duty to be interested are suffering, that he must act or see that others do, must send messages, must sympathize, must, if it be possible, help to encourage, to soothe, and to repair. The earthquake, from the moment it occurred, is part of his business, he must, at the very least, know all about it. It is, in some sort, a disaster to himself, something which comes home to him in pain, as it can hardly come to any other person not personally involved in the ruin. A personal concern in disasters of any magnitude is always expressed by a Continental ruler, and is often, we imagine, very keenly felt. The emperor Nicholas thought himself bound to be present at all great fires; the emperor Napoleon III. held that floods, like revolutions, "involved his honor," and once, at least, personally ordered the repairs; and only three months ago, the emperor of Austria was so moved by the burning of the Ring Theatre, that he made his personal displeasure felt in the most unmistakable way, censuring this great man, dismissing that, and ordering the very severe prosecutions now going on. We have selected disasters, because they are so visible; but

every kind of event must make a distinct impact on a real sovereign, and affect even a constitutional one. The latter ought not to feel responsible, but the tradition of a mystical relation between the king and the country is very strong — even our queen, for example, in her very motherly and kindly letter to her people, thanking them for their recent display of loyalty, writes as if she felt that their honor and glory depended in a great degree on her individual effort — and no sovereign probably is quite clear that the right to take advice is distinct from the right to command, when it is given. The sovereign must feel everything in some way, must move through an atmosphere heavy with that consciousness of a *national* self which the late Mr. Sanford, in his account of the English kings, said differentiated hereditary rulers from other men; and if genuinely good, must feel hourly the kind of sympathy or anger felt by a philanthropist when anything, good or bad, happens to the object of his care. Clarkson was not responsible for all slaves, nor is Mr. Colam for all animals; but Clarkson felt every new slave law as if he were a slave, and Mr. Colam, we dare say, feels as keenly when a prosecution he has ordered breaks down, because the law does not cover its particular object. That universality of interest, that thinness, so to speak, of mental skin, must be an equivalent in mental fatigue for actual work, and it is increased by another peculiarity of the position. The sovereign's profession is for life. Most other men — all other professional men, except bishops — look forward to a period of ease, when they shall have done with their daily labors, and may, as they think, enjoy themselves, or at least be rid of the sense of responsibility for the weather. The king has no such hope, except in death, which he does not look forward to any more pleasurably or exultantly than other people. On the contrary, he has been taught through his whole life to think, with Tennyson's Northern Farmer, how immense his loss will be to other people. "There are those 'cows to calve,' say the Hungarian deficit to be filled up, and 'Thornaby waaste to plow,' Bosnia to be reduced to civilization, as I comprehend it." What the king is doing this year he must do in all years to come, without cessation or respite, while life and strength shall last, regencies being, even to men of great age, like the German emperor, or to weary men, like Alexander II.,

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practical impossibilities, if only because all the men and women whom he has worked with, and who have helped or consoled him, want him to be king, and not that other. Abdications are so few, that they stand out landmarks in history; and if we read the narratives aright, neither Diocletian nor Charles V. felt rest. Diocletian asked for his sceptre back at least once, and Charles V. drove couriers and his son distracted by incessant letters of advice and demands for information. The regal work lasts forever, and that idea of itself carries with it the possibility of fatigue. At seventy, as at thirty, there may be next week a ministerial crisis, an invasion, or a grand ceremony to be performed, the latter being the worst. The lady who told George III. she had seen everything but a coronation, and now wanted to see that, has lived in anecdotal history as the exemplar of uncourtly naïveté; but we have never felt quite sure that George III., who loved mutton, did not chuckle to himself over the thought that he, at least, could never be wearied with *that* ceremonial again.

So far from wondering that a queen should wander abroad, our wonder is that kings are not always gadding. It must be such a luxury to be rid for a few moments of that responsible relation to the very soil, even if it be wholly imaginary — to be among things and people which have no closer relation to yourself than to any other spectator. The traveller may have been a fool who, when warned that the ship was on fire, replied, "I am only a passenger," but was certainly a philosopher, who understood the true sources of mental ease. A king outside his own hereditary dominions must feel very like him, must fancy the air lighter, and read the local news with a much deeper feeling, if not of content, at least of placidity. Nowhere except abroad can the atmosphere of responsibility be lifted, in his own imagination, from his brain; nowhere else can he feel that most recuperative of feelings, the sense which Tennyson described as the sense of afternoon, and somebody else, Theodore Hook, we believe, as "after-dinnerishness," when "you have nothing to do, and be hanged if you'll do it." There is no reason to grudge sovereigns their holidays, or the restfulness that should seem to them embodied, not in "being abroad" as other professionals put it, but in the infinite and reinvigorating luxury of not being at home.

From The Spectator.

## MIDNIGHT TEA.

MIDNIGHT tea is not tea taken on the very stroke of twelve, — it is tea taken in the dead waste and middle of the night, that is to say, our modern night; somewhere early in the small hours. And we speak of an institution, not of a solitary instance, much less of a rival to five-o'clock tea. An inquiring mind may ask, "Why should I drink tea at the hour when hot-blood suggested itself to Hamlet?" and it is a reasonable question. Of course, the scholar might do it to keep himself awake over his books, but the student is usually thinking of shutting up when the small hours have dropped down the chimney once or twice, and the toper is seldom far behind him. Midnight tea is neither a labor, nor a vulgar indulgence, nor a fashionable institution, nor a sheer necessity. It is a genial outgrowth or development from ungainly circumstances, in the midst of which there is a root of geniality.

There are maladies, there are lists of maladies, there are groups of maladies, forms of illness which keep each other company, whose pride and joy it is to make the small hours hideous, and eat the sweet kernel out of sleep. Two, three, four in the morning, which is really night, is the time when these dolorous companions hold high-jinks around the bed or the "Judy" chair of the sufferer. No device cheats them; they know the time like a chronometer, and their forbearance is as incalculable as their severities. But, after a time — where the patient is not lonely (which God forbid, as a rule), and where the case to be dealt with is not (we will say) that of the wildest paroxysms of gout, or anything so red-hot of immediate torture — after a time, the periodical accessions of these not "jolly hours" may very well tend, and do, in fact, tend, to start a new rhythm in the life of, say, two friends, or a man and wife, or a mother and daughter, who pass the night together, in order that one of the two who suffers may receive unflinching help, such as only one hand can give. Here there is an opening for much sentiment, but this we will neglect. What happens is something like this, perhaps. There is a pause in the immediate suffering of the hour. "Come, that is good. *He* is over for the night, and let us hope we shall see neither of his friends nor allies." Then springs up a sudden thought, out of the very bosom of domestic peace, "Let's have a cup of tea!" It can be managed there

and then. The tea is forthcoming, the spoons tinkle in the cups, — gently, for it is midnight tea — the sweet incense goes up, and there is calm and cheer in that retreat, for a time. Even if the tea-takers were not weary, it is not a time for chat; but there is a hopeful sense of being refreshed and soothed, and a feeling of quiet triumph in human resource. Pain and exhaustion are quite bad enough; but yet, behold, without artifice or effort, how a little festival of alleviation, repose, tenderness, and cheerfulness arises at dead of night, out of their terrible pranks with "the finely-fibred human frame." Of course, everywhere tea is soothing to pain and enlivening to weariness. What is the bedside of the sick without tea? But tea at dead of night, as an amiable institution, a genial parenthesis of homely light in the long tract of the dark hours, and the worst of them is quite another thing.

At first it is, no doubt, extemporized, and of course it is not rigidly held to, like dinner or breakfast, by the healthy, because the occasion comes, and goes, and varies; but it can stand on its own feet, and make its own ceremonies and laws. Of course it implies a half-toilet, as probably the occasions which bring it about do. But the great thing is silence, —

Still-born silence, thou that art  
Floodgate of the deeper heart;

that is to say, very little speech. One of the friends is weary with suffering, and the other with nursing; the talk, if any, is very homely, and the "cleverness" confined to allusive phrases with light and life in them. It does not matter whether the rain beats on the roof or not, or what footsteps, if any, are to be heard outside. There are the faces in the fire to make out, most likely there is a railway whistle once in the course of an hour, some piece of furniture is sure to creak, and a familiar picture or dress hanging up will take on some new appearance. But incidents like these are not peculiar to midnight tea, half the pleasure of which lies in the gentle intimacy of the festivity, and part, though but little, in what some people would call its irrationality. As for taking trouble, when you have a fire, with hot water, where is the trouble in making it? Tea is the final cause of such things. And in all the whole realm of fairy-land, there is nothing less pleasing than those wonderful feasts which come of themselves. *They* are irrational, if you please; but "making" tea is both rational

and delightful. There could be no poetry and no refreshment of the higher order in tea turned on from a hose, or served up by the Wizard of the North out of inexhaustible taps, or by Mephistopheles in Auerbach's cellar.

The tea that is used at midnight tea must not be too strong, nor must it be of such a refined order as to *awaken* the palate. — Not too strong, certainly, or it might drive away the wished-for sleep, and yet it must not be weak. What is the good of weak tea, however, or indeed of weak anything? Nobody advises you to eat weak raspberries or greengages, and tea ought to be normally, reasonably strong. The tea for midnight tea might be indicated as a cottage tea, not washer-woman's rasping bohea, of course, nor Lady Dedlock's pale, straw-colored infusion; but just a nice, homely liquor, that will refresh, and then leave the system at peace.

In the institution of midnight tea, bread-and-butter is not contemplated. It is not a meal, it is a soft, soothing refreshment, that somehow gets mixed up with weary and painful nights, and is not a hard-and-fast item in the programme of the twenty-four hours. It is very far indeed from being like a fairy festivity, for fairies have neither suffering nor sympathy, and this grows out of both, —

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Much amusement was caused some years ago, when a judge of the Divorce Court, refusing to grant the separation sought by the parties, made this pleasant remark, upon certain ugly incidents in the case, which would have taxed the ingenious amenity of Lord Stowell himself. How much there is in the experience of the sick-room, especially in mixed and chronic cases, which is of this character! But there can be no question of the wisdom or felicity of diluting such experience with what may certainly be remembered with pleasure some day. Only midnight tea is rather the sort of thing that steals into the painful, weary hours like a dream, than a thing to be arranged and pre-determined. Some may not like the idea. But those who do will always have a euphemism for some of their worst times. "In the days when we had midnight tea," will be a pleasanter thing to say than, "In the days when the nights were almost unbearable;" and pleasanter than all will be the recollection of the last time when the spoons tinkled in the cups, — if that was the last night of the weariness, or the pain.